

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

Vol. VIII

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No. 5

COVER DESIGN BY	Anna Eggleston.	
FRONTISPIECE—ILLUSTRATION TO "A LOYAL TRAITOR."	Charles Grunwald.	
AMERICA IN ENGLAND	Allen Sangree	387
Illustrated from photographs.		
NORTHERN WATERS IN WINTER	Arthur Stringer	395
THE FORTUNES OF LAL FAVERSHAM	Rafael Sabatini	396
II—Of What Befel at Bailienochy. Illustrations by F. R. Gruger.		
SENATOR ALDRICH—THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MAN IN CONGRESS	L. A. Coolidge	405
Illustrated from photographs.		
THE TALKING SHIPS—SHORT STORY	A. T. Quiller-Couch	414
Illustrations by John Sloan.		
A LOYAL TRAITOR—SHORT STORY	William MacLeod Raine	420
Illustrations by Charles Grunwald.		
IN DECEMBER—POEM	Hattie Whitney	427
IN REMOTE NEWFOUNDLAND	Norman Duncan	428
Illustrated from photographs.		
THE OPENING OF THE OPERA HOUSE	George H. Brennan	436
A FOREST SHRINE—POEM	Bliss Carman	444
Decorations by James Preston.		
ROUGE ET NOIR—SHORT STORY	Olivier Henry	447
Illustrations by C. J. Rohs.		
MELBA AT HOME	William Armstrong	456
Illustrated from photographs.		
DUSENBERRY'S BIRTHDAY—SHORT STORY	Joseph C. Lincoln	464
Illustrations by C. D. Williams.		
NOVEMBER—POEM	E. L. Sabin	471
TOPICS OF THE THEATRE		472
AN EDITORIAL		480

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WARNING.—No agent or collector has authority to collect subscriptions in the name of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE. We make this statement on account of certain letters received from people who have been swindled by parties entirely unknown to us and for whom we cannot be responsible.



"He opened his eyes, smiled faintly and tried to take her hand to his lips."

—*"A Loyal Traitor."*—p. 420.

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VIII.

No.

AMERICA IN ENGLAND

BY ALLEN SANGREE

FROM the lush hedgerows of Surrey on a fine spring morning when flowers dew-drip and sunshine bathes the earth, one may look up and behold in the north a vast, murky gloom that blots out earth and sky. Smoke it appears to be, such as might arise from a prairie fire, or a fog, black and ominous. It is London's canopy. The yokel, plodding behind his plow, stops oftentimes in a day to gaze at it, marveling; the timid emigrant girl, landed at Dover, shrinks with fear in the rough railway carriage as she approaches it; the Indian rajah, speeding across country from Liverpool with his suite, is filled with wonder, and the young man, tramping from the north counties to seek his fortune, rests along the road, like Whittington, and contemplates the dread vision ahead.

Heinrich Heine wrote of England's capital: "I have seen the greatest wonder that the world can show to the astonished spirit. I have seen it and am still astonished—for ever will there remain fixed indelibly on my memory the stone forest of houses, amid which flows the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their varied passions and all their terrible impulses of love, hunger and hatred—I mean London."

To the American who lands in England with his grip and imperturbable poker face the traffic and immensity of London appeal as soon as he emerges from the vaulted darkness of Euston Station. They stun him as a blow upon the head. He shudders like one that hears an appalling explosion and awaits the dire result. But, unlike yokel, rajah and emigrant girl, who can only peep timidly into the highway and gape in sheer amazement, the American soon recovers and dives eagerly into the maelstrom.

The rumble of 'bus, creak of van, hoof-thud, tinkling bells, the indescribable city roar, which so benumbs the farmer's wits

only exhilarate the American. He came expecting to say: "Yes, London is a great place, but you ought to see New York or Chicago," and in ten minutes he is bound to admit that as a world metropolis London has either fairly beaten. But the idea is not bitter. On the contrary, it pleases him. His face loosens with joy, then hardens with determination. Here is a foe worthy of the sharpest weapons. He has them.

In the romance of trade there is nothing more interesting than America's commercial hegira to England. It is like the prodigal son returning to improve the old farm with a new set of tools. But the English bear it well. They know Great Britain is not being Americanized—that it can never be Americanized. The term is exaggerative, foolish. America is too much of a mosaic herself ever to change the individuality of another nation. One might as well speak of New York being Brooklynized, as a result of consolidation, when the fact is that Manhattan never before appeared so distinctly Manhattan.

But even as Brooklyn might adopt from New York certain pleasing attributes, so is England willing to patronize American wares. John Bull is a shrewd business man, after all, and though the process is sometimes tedious, he is generally able to appreciate a good thing when it is presented in the right way. In finding that way Americans are resourceful.

In the first place an enterprising Yankee in London does not, as common fable reports, dash around distraught, helter-skelter, now leaping from a 'bus, again galloping in a hansom up the Strand, running, walking, panting—acting, in short, so that one might point him out and say, "There is an American; see him hustle."

Not at all. Business Americans in London are rather a type of cool reserve, con-

tent to open the argument, display goods, and then calmly await developments until they can reach out and get what they are after. Any day in the hotel lobbies one may notice clean-shaven, substantial men, who appear to have no other object in life than



Charles T. Yerkes.

The American who will control one hundred miles of underground railway in London.

to smoke slowly long, black cigars. Reposeful in countenance, deliberate in movement, non-committal in speech, you might judge them idlers or mere students of human nature; you would scarcely take them for the cleverest promoters that ever came out of America. That is what they are.

The American is versatile. He can wait or rush as occasion demands. For six months Charles T. Yerkes hardly moved from his comfortable chair in the Hotel Cecil, waiting hour by hour, week by week, to get control of London's underground railways. He went to London from Chicago with four or five millions of dollars for that particular purpose, and used all the wiles of a modern financier to accomplish it.

Slowly but indefatigably he worked, never reckless, never blustering, always proving what he alleged, never losing heart when the task seemed hardest. New obstacles confronted him each day. He had to fight statute, precedent and competition. Finally, at the moment when victory appeared certain, the English engineers who

had gone to Buda Pesth to examine a Hungarian electrical system, reported in its favor as opposed to the American system. London believed Yerkes at last defeated. But Yerkes, unruffled, kept up the silent fight, and won. He hopes soon to control one hundred miles of underground railway built and equipped by Americans.

In order to win English patronage an American is ready to forego comfort and temper and nationality. He speedily makes for himself a motto: "Fight an Englishman with his own weapons," and he learns the value of a frock coat. One of his first impulses therefore is to hunt up a tailor, and the baneful garment that, at home, was associated only with weddings and funerals soon becomes his daily habit. Sometimes also he struggles with the broad *a* pathetically. But do not conclude from this that the American loses his individuality. Far from it. The coat and the accent are only part of his working capital. Neither interferes with his method of enterprise. The contrast 'twixt Britain and Yankee is always apparent.

The Briton rises late; the Yankee betimes. The Englishman dresses leisurely, breakfasts plentifully, reads his paper carefully and reaches the office by ten o'clock; the American jumps into his clothes, disposes of a slight meal, buys a paper on the way to the station, reads it on the train, walks briskly to his office and plunges into correspondence. Typewriters start clicking, letters are dictated, cables answered, and when the hour arrives for the Englishman to begin work the American has cleared his desk and is ready to go out and interview customers.

While the one, smug and stolid, is sipping Scotch whisky in a rare old public house that reeks with tradition, the other, sharp-faced and dapper, is dodging about subscribing shares; when the Englishman is engaged in the relish of a noonday chop, the American is walking in Hyde Park talking automobiles to a prospective buyer.

At four p. m., when the Englishman is on his way to golf links, tennis or the river, the American, dust-covered and soiled, is still busy building electric trains in Kensington, placing elevators in Buckingham Palace, and erecting hotels on Piccadilly.

When the Englishman, flushed with healthy exercise, returns to make a careful change of dress for dinner, the American is giving hurry orders at his hotel for a party with whom he hopes to do business, and when

the Englishman is looking on at the play his Anglo-Saxon cousin is revolving the day's work and planning for the morrow. The

conditions is to be drawn from the trade reports of the Treasury Department wherein it appears that America has but recently learned to know London for what she really is—the center of the world's wealth and culture. England, on the other hand, is either just awakening from mediæval stupor, or else, in despair of personal enterprise, is glad to use that of her more progressive competitor in the new world. At any rate, Americans are finding their most profitable market in the British Isles, and every day registers further commercial gains.

In the eight months ending with August, 1901, the United States shipped there merchandise to the value of \$377,279,251, more than one-third of our total exports. England



Golders Hill, Hampstead.

Englishman works to live; the American lives to work.

To what extent America may be said to be in England may be judged by a glance at London, where our countrymen appear prominently identified with many projects of commerce, trade and amusement. The American twang will frank one on every side. American jockeys shimmer on the race-tracks, American actresses and actors illumine the stage, American society women adorn aristocratic drawing-rooms, American promoters crowd the market, American financiers hover about the stock exchange, American tourists throng Westminster Abbey, American restaurants and bars dot the streets, and last but not least, American "grafters" prey upon all like camp followers in the wake of an army. There has long been an adage that in London may be found more Roman Catholics than in Rome, more Jews than in Palestine, more Scotchmen than in Aberdeen, more Welshmen than in Cardiff, and more Irishmen than in Belfast. It remains only to add, more Americans than in Boston.

An explanation of the present



The Avenue, Hampstead, Which Charles T. Yerkes Means to Convert Into an American Suburb.

shipped to us in the same period but \$100,-506,668 worth, making a tremendous balance of trade in our favor. The following table shows the diversity and volume of



Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough.
An American Duchess.

some of the more important items, also computed for the eight months' period:

EXPORTS.	VALUES.
Agricultural implements.....	\$ 1,728,200
Cattle.....	23,807,775
Books, maps, engravings.....	580,283
Corn.....	19,635,355
Clocks, watches.....	444,037
Wheat and flour.....	69,461,990
Carriages, cars, automobiles.....	1,092,843
Cotton.....	63,001,829
Fruits and nuts.....	1,120,775
Furs and fur skins.....	1,690,457
Scientific apparatus, telephones, telegraph.	1,236,085
Builders' hardware and tools.....	1,337,485
Leather and shoes.....	7,698,163
Sewing machines.....	619,371
Typewriters.....	654,399
Tobacco.....	5,061,048
Hog products, bacon, ham, etc.....	41,046,161
Furniture.....	794,304

But these statistics are inadequate to portray the extent of American enterprise in England. They do not, for example, indicate what has been done in applied electricity, a field almost entirely pre-empted by Americans. Noticeable here is the elec-

tric tram that, propelled by American machinery, is now beginning to scoot all over England above and below ground.

London, of course, was the first place our promoters reached. They found there a population of six millions content to travel in 'bus, hansom and steam underground trains, but at great disadvantage. On the former an American business man could not afford to ride unless time were no object, for though exhilarating as a novelty, constant blockades made speed impossible. The latter is objectionable on account of noxious steam, gas, and ill lighted cars.

Englishmen, however, would have endured these inconveniences indefinitely had not their eyes been opened by the tuppenny tube. The tuppenny tube, so called, because one may ride underground any distance in one direction for two pence (four cents) has now been running two years, and is the best



Mrs. John W. Mackay.
A noted American in London society.

thing of its kind in existence. From Kensington, a residential section, its brightly lighted American cars shoot out into the city through a tube, white, calsomined and

clean, within a few minutes. An American news-stand is at each station, Sprague elevators drop you from the sidewalk to the underground platform, and brilliant electric lights enable you to read.

But the tube is only serviceable to a small

Kegan were not idle, but formed a project to cobweb Britain with trolley lines. Their agents bought up right of way along the canals and any unused tramways that had not heretofore paid the stockholders, until the amount of American capital invested in



University of Pennsylvania Crew Defeating London at the Henley Regatta.

part of London, so Yerkes and his American syndicate bent every effort to get control of the District and the Metropolitan Underground Railways. These two, with an inner and outer circle, fairly cover London, and for years they have been the pride of Englishmen, forerunners in underground engineering.

But London, tired of the wretched accommodations, grime that soiled and gas that choked, was ready for electricity. The Americans knew it. Yerkes proposed to instal electric cars equipped with the Sprague multiple system, in which each car has a separate motor, so that if one car breaks down the train will still run. Fearing that the Yankees could not be trusted, or perhaps jealous, the English engineers advised the Ganz system, where the current is fed by tremendous voltage and there is no preventive for the contingency mentioned. But good sense prevailed. Yerkes' intention now is to intersect these two circles with connecting lines and inaugurate a transfer system, when London's underground will be ideal.

Meanwhile, great promoters like Whitney, Widener, Elkins, Cassatt, Blair and

English electric surface roads has reached immense proportions.

In order to keep up with the demands for American equipment the Westinghouse Company built a new plant on English soil, where several thousand men are now employed. Other firms are following the example. The most efficient tram lines in Great Britain are fitted out by such establishments as Brill, the Peckham Co., Macartney, McElroy & Co., and the General Electric Co. of New York. English houses have about abandoned competition and are sending their young men to America for tutelage.

Another electrical industry which the English in a measure have allowed to slip from their grasp is the making of telephones. Here again America is unexcelled, and the General Post Office has just testified to our skill by giving to the Western Electric Company of Chicago the entire order for London. England, while blaming their own manufacturers for lack of enterprise, is so overjoyed to see a new era in telephone mechanics that she has only words of excessive praise for the Yankees. This because the National Telephone Company that up to the present has controlled all the important

patents in the United Kingdom made selfish use of its position and refused to improve the service.

To any one who has attempted to talk over a telephone in London it would seem inconceivable how any people, even the Arabs, could humbly stand such imposition. The London system is such that it frequently takes an hour to secure connection. I was present at one frustrated effort when, after struggling for more than that length of time, enduring all the anguish of Sisyphus, we were finally advised by "Central" to call up a messenger. "You will make better time," said he.

The telephone rates, too, are exorbitant, and one subscriber that I know pays a yearly rental of \$400 for five telephones.

houses is but \$20 a year and for residences only \$14.

Before selecting the system English experts traveled in a number of foreign countries making tests, and they chose American telephones, not alone because of their efficiency, but also because the order could be filled here in less time than elsewhere.

This is one of the secrets of American success abroad. American workmen are so much speedier than English that contracts can be completed here before the job in England is well under way. Witness the now famous Atbara bridge case: English firms demanded twenty-six weeks to supply 622 tons of steel at the rate of fifteen guineas per ton, while an American plant promised to have the bridge completed in fourteen weeks and charge only ten pounds, three shillings six pence for the metal.

The most striking instance of American dispatch in filling an English order was that furnished by the Ingersoll Watch Company, which has undertaken to make 2,000,000 watches and deliver them in London within a year.

This contract was secured by Robert H. Ingersoll, senior member of the firm. He had heard that an important order was soon to be given by Symonds' London stores. He immediately took passage on a transatlantic liner, and presented himself among a dozen other bidders from Switzerland, Germany, France and England.

All of them except the American were completely bowled over when the firm specified for 1,000,000 watches to be delivered in twelve months, for it was not believed any factory on earth had such capacity. Mr. Ingersoll not only signed the contract, but before returning to America organized a limited company for the purpose of selling his watches in England, and for this concern he also engaged to make a million watches within a year.

To accomplish this double task the output of the Ingersoll factory at Waterbury, Connecticut, has been increased from 6,000 watches per day to 9,000. Instead of 600 hands 1,300 are now employed. The watches go in monthly shipments, and an idea of the order may be had by the statement that the 2,000,000 watches will weigh 600 tons, occupying a space of 36,000 cubic feet.



From Punch, May 8, 1908.

JONATHAN SHOPPING.

JOHN BULL—"Now, my little man, what can I do for you?"
MASTER JONATHAN—"Wal, guess I'll buy the whole store!"

[American millionaires agree to purchase the Leyland Line (Mediterranean, Portugal, Montreal and Antwerp) Fleets. A meeting of shareholders has been called in order to confirm the arrangements. —*Vide "Daily News," May 1.*]

This does not include charges for conversations over three minutes. The American system about to be introduced will be the biggest, cheapest and best in the world, more reasonable even than that we have in our own country. The charge for business



The American Engineers and Constructors Taken to Manchester to Complete the Westinghouse Works.

"English merchants," says Mr. Ingersoll, "are frightened at the American goods and methods which are fast appearing, but the British public cannot get enough American goods and ideas. A number of Englishmen came to me and asked me what there was about American products to make them so popular, and I told them that supremacy in the world's trade was coming our way because of the American habit of paying exclusive attention to plain, practical things without the divertissement afforded by royalty, a nobility, a standing army or antiquated customs. When a nation the size of America pays close attention to plain, practical things, with every encouragement to honest effort, the result is going to surprise nations where different methods prevail."

The truth of this dictum is being illustrated every day in England. One of the most stunning surprises ever sprung on the British Isles was the recent disclosure that Bryant & May, manufacturers of matches, had passed into American hands. This establishment was regarded in the light of a national institution, like the London Tower or Aldershot. Every signboard in the British Isles bore and still bears the legend:

"Patronize home industry; Bryant & May's matches are the best."

Loyal to the core, Englishmen did as instructed, with the consequence that Bryant & May paid twenty per cent. dividends and had the reputation of being the most substantial firm in England. Now the name is only a figurehead for Mr. Barber and his American syndicate. This syndicate spent many thousands of dollars in improving machinery and in buying up all match-making patents. Then it opened up a factory in Liverpool.

Bryant & May soon discovered that the new firm could make matches at much less cost and tried, but in vain, to buy the same sort of machinery. When their profits had declined from twenty per cent. to fourteen per cent., in order to save themselves from ruin, they made over their property, on certain conditions, to the American syndicate, which still uses the old catch-word in its advertisements.

To mention all the American innovations taking place in England would require more space than is allotted here. Some are indeed unexpected. For example, though England is supposed to be supreme in the making of

clothes, it may be noted that one London firm alone last year sold \$285,000 worth of women's shirt waists, made in America. Others are scoring a big success with Saratoga trunks and bonnet boxes. American insurance companies are gaining a solid foothold, American banking methods are popular, and American professional men find London willing to patronize them. The Murphy button for abdominal operations is employed by all reputable surgeons, American dental instruments are entirely without competition, and England spends \$20,000 every week on American patent medicines.

The London shoe market is the best in the old world for American manufacturers, and the latter must be smiling in their sleeves at the eagerness with which Englishmen bought up the old stock of "toothpick" toes that went out of date here years ago, but are now the craze in London.

Our steel superiority in England was well explained by Joseph Lawrence, M. P., who recently visited the United States in the interest of the Newport Chamber of Commerce. He told his associates that Charles M. Schwab assured him the Steel Trust could deliver billets in England for \$16.50 a ton, whereas the lowest price at which British manufacturers could make them is \$19. Mr. Schwab also asserted that when the trust had completed certain ocean transportation arrangements now pending the American price would be still lower, though steel workers here get double the wages paid to British workmen in the same line. In 1884 English pig iron products doubled ours; in 1901 we made one-half as much more as England. In 1899 England shipped us 20,000 tons of that commodity; while we shipped to her more than 80,000 tons.

The attempt to Americanize English newspapers has not proved very successful, for the reason, perhaps, that the proprietors who have tried it made their changes in too abrupt and too radical a style. The English journalist, however, has become charged, to some extent, with the American spirit, and it is safe to say that no reputable foreign correspondent will again make the mistake of a certain London reporter who happened to be in Manila at the moment of Dewey's victory.

This reporter, being on land, had the opportunity of his life, while the cables were still uncut, to wire to his paper the greatest news of a century and "beat" the world. Instead of instantly filing copy while the battle raged the Englishman deliberately

retired to his club, shaved, dressed, had luncheon and proceeded to write a precise and detailed account. But it was then too late. Manila had been cut off from outside communication, and no one knew of this portentous event until a New York *Sun* man reached Hongkong, forty-eight hours afterward, and told his story to all nations.

English newspapers, however, are glad to avail themselves of the Hoe press and American typesetting machines, and the former has established such an extensive trade in England that it has become necessary to build works there.

But while England finds no cause for panic over this American commercial influx there is one thing that does give anxiety—her dependence on the foreigner for food supply. It is commonly said that were the little island marooned by the rest of the world she would have provision enough to last only one month, while London would starve after six days. The predicament is therefore a pressing one. But it, too, has been forestalled by certain Americans, who, shrewdly taking advantage of the conditions, began to erect cold storage warehouses after the Chicago models. Thus, though occasion should demand of America to starve out England, Britannia would find a serviceable friend among her enemies. The American Cold Storage Trust, headed by J. Montgomery Smart, has this project in hand, and it hopes so to fortify England with warehouses that she could stand a year's siege.

One of the entertaining new-world features in London is the American bar which, installed perhaps in an ancient public house where De Foe played picket of a winter's night, or Dryden had his armchair, seems disreputably out of place. I have before me now a gaudy leaflet with the caption, "At the Bull and Mouth, 31 Hart Street, near British Museum," which says that "the American refreshment drinks served in this place are dispensed by Frank Haberlandt, the original boy from the sunny South, America's champion dispenser, mixologist and connoisseur, formerly of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, the Planters' House, St. Louis, and Pabst, New York."

I also have been at the Bull and Mouth and can testify that Mr. Haberlandt makes good his advertisement, whatever it signifies. For he captures the English trade in his line as thoroughly as Mr. Yerkes does in street transportation. From the same motives that urge Englishmen to learn the American game of draw poker, and thus fall

easy victims to the "grafting" fraternity, they are also moved to drink American cocktails, indulging in both unwisely. I saw a fine type of Englishman, red-faced, cheery and confident, a man of sixty, who was proud of having three sons fighting in South Africa, enter an American bar and sip his first cocktail. It pleased him wonderfully, and he ordered six more in quick succession. They carried him home. Next day he came back for more.

An account of America in England would not be complete without mention of theatricals, for our successes in that field have been phenomenal when you consider that American companies must cater to a public with different dramatic standards and prejudices. Here, too, triumph is due to enterprise and versatility. The New York managers at first made the mistake of supposing that what pleased America would please London, but they soon corrected it. The actors, also, were quick to learn, and when a comedian saw that audiences failed to appreciate his humor he remoulded it until they did.

"Where the English competition has to face competition from the other side," says a London dramatic writer, "is in the thoroughness of the methods of his American rival. Even in the abortive attempts that the latter has made to appeal to the British public one has been struck by the excellence of the stage management, particularly in making the best of small parts and the admirable training of 'extras' and chorus."

Americans now control partially or entirely half-a-dozen London theatres. This season Clyde Fitch will have three plays produced in the British metropolis, and eight other American shows are already contracted for. Among the American actors

most popular in England are: William Gillette, Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott. Among musical comedy artists are: Edna May, Harry Davenport, Alice Nielsen, Joseph Coyne and Joseph H. Herbert.

If one were to ask, "And how does England regard all this Americanism?" the answer could best be determined by reading the English school histories, wherein the reader will find that after describing at length the victories of Great Britain in the Low Countries and the Peninsula, the historian disposes of the Revolutionary struggle in a few stereotyped lines: "And the next eight years were spent in the American colonies." In other words, by completely ignoring us.

This, perhaps, is a bit strong, for though the Englishman always will consider himself the masterpiece of creation, and all others inferior, there is more or less genuine fraternizing between certain of the Anglo-Saxon cousins, and many Englishmen have a strong liking for Americans. The King, for example, claims as intimate friends two American gentlemen of moderate means and little renown, who never make capital of this acquaintance. And King Edward also admires American women on account of their wit and beauty. Queen Alexandra, on the other hand, with the blood of Denmark's kings in her veins, seems to resent the new-world invasion where it touches upon social life. To American women she is gracious but haughty.

The masses in England are yet indifferent to the American invasion, but from the Black Country, from the great factories of Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds, there comes, ever more frequently, a dangerous murmur of discontent when wages are lowered and work increased, as a result of American competition.

NORTHERN WATERS IN WINTER

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Along the lonely shore stray snow-flakes fall.

The waves crash on the shattered ice and crush

The surging flocs upon a rock-fanged wall

Tinged gold and saffron with the evening's flush.

The sun goes down behind a blood-red West,

One cold star glitters in the pallid light,

And all the silent world draws to its breast

The three-fold calm of Water, Snow, and Night!



THE FORTUNES OF LAL FAVERSHAM

By RAFAEL SABATINI

II.

Of What Befel at Bailienochy

I HAD conceived how with senses ensnared by the seductions of the hour a man might stumble upon love. A tepid atmosphere; the scent of flowers; the song of birds; in your eyes the sunlight and the springy turf to your feet; a mind well rid of care, and a heart that sings within you to the lilt of nature's melodies—then let her appear, and whilst the poetry that the time affords doth lull you, the thing may come to pass.

But it came not thus to me. 'Twas chill October, and the trees stood gaunt and stripped, mere frameworks of their summer glory; the ground was hard with the touch of an early frost; the sky dull and sullen. There was scant poetry in the hour, and my nose I'll swear was blue with the sting of the blast that faced us from the Grampians. Thus did love find me; in a flash, it came, as wrapped tight in my cloak I stepped along beside my lady, 'neath the wall of the castle of Bailienochy.

I was no boy. Indeed, at the time I scarce held myself young, for albeit no more than twenty-seven, the much that I had

lived gave me the feeling of a riper age. I had taken three wounds and looked on a field of stricken battle ere my wisdom teeth were cut. From Edge Hill, where my maiden sword was fleshed in '42, I had followed the fiery Rupert's lead and the Stuart service through the bloody wars that ravaged England, and when the cause was lost and the martyr slain, I had carried that sword of mine into Spain and the Low Countries—and if a career there be that will more age a man I know it not.

As in war, so in love, too, had I served my apprenticeship—for ever in the wake of Mars stalks Cupid. From a calf-love business at Canterbury in my fifteenth year down to my *tendresse* of a year ago for the daughter of a Flemish burgomaster, I could count, perchance, some half-score of these affairs. But in the presence of my sweet lady Margaret I blushed for very shame at the memory of them, and wished—as sinners wish for heaven—that there had been less of them. For until that hour of a verity I had not known real love.

She was a little slip of a girl, numbering,

perchance, some twenty years, with a sweet, winsome face, dark hair and gray eyes, and a smile that would have made of hell a heaven. Proud she was, for all her sweetness, and arch and witty beyond all women that I had known.

Her father was Sir Everard Fitzmorris, a gentleman who, like myself, had been beggared by the Stuart cause, and who in this forlorn castle of Bailienochy had sought and found a refuge from Cromwell's canting bloodhounds.

Hither a week since was I also come, to crave an asylum against the Covenanters, from whom I had good reason to fear hard usage. I had been one of the abettors in that ill-starred flight of Charles from Perth—that which is now known as "the Start," and which but for the timidity of Wilmot and Buckingham might have spared my liege and master ten years of penurious wandering. For had the king but set himself at the head of Middleton's ten thousand malignants, we had swept the solemn League and Covenant into the perdition that gaped for it; and thereafter Cromwell, methinks, would have fared little better at our hands. But there! A delay, a misunderstanding, and instead of Angus, Charles had gone into Fife and failed to find the army he looked to meet.

With me had come my Lord Carlestone (whose plight was no better than mine own), and Sir Everard had received us graciously and kindly, as also had his sister, Lady Grizel (our real hostess, and the owner of Bailienochy), and his daughter Margaret. To us and our retinue—my servant, Giles, and the two attendants who accompanied my Lord Carlestone—had been assigned the northern wing of the castle, and there for a week we had lain secure and at peace.

And during that week my love for Mistress Margaret had crept into life, until of a sudden it had stood revealed before me on the morning whereof I write, and had thrown me into a silence that must have made me passing tiresome to my companion, for presently she left me upon some trifling pretext and went within.

Scarce was she gone when Lord Carlestone stepped out onto that barren strip of soil which they misnamed a terrace, and approached me with a cynical smile upon his high-bred face, whose meaning was too clear to please me.

"Faversham, you rogue," quoth he, "have a care! It is an hour since you and

Mistress Margaret came forth, and she hath but returned within this instant."

I knew him for a libertine, yet no worse than most of us that had been nurtured at the court of the Second Charles. He was a youth of parts, and gifted with a caustic tongue, and during the week that was sped we had been much together. Over our sack we had sat of nights, and entertained each other with the narrative of past adventures. I had grown fond of him as a man will of another with whom he exchanges confidences, yet at that moment I wished him far from Bailienochy.

"The lady is the daughter of our host," I said, sternly, thinking to rebuke him.

"And a sweet lass to boot," he answered flippantly.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Come, Faversham," he cried, no whit abashed, as he linked his arm in mine. "Damn your sour looks. She is a winsome maid; she hath the brightest eye, the sweetest lips, the daintiest ankle——"

"A plague on you! Have you not grace enough to see that such as we are unfit to touch the hem of her garment——"

"Go your way, hypocrite," he broke, "I swear that line is from the Scriptures. The hem of her garment, forsooth! Pshaw, you make me sick! Who seeks to touch it? Did you say her lips now——"

I drew my arm from his, and stood still, the flush of anger mounting to my brow.

"Carlestone," I began; but again he interrupted me with a laugh. "Oh, have done! I'll say no more. Yet if you are to wager me fifty gold caroluses that within three days I shall have won a touch of those saintly lips——"

"Blood and wounds!" I began, then changed my anger to contempt and gave vent to it in a laugh. "Pshaw, were it less blasphemous I would win your money to teach you to curb your vanity. For neither in a week nor in a month will you so much as gain her consent to soil her finger tips with your mustachios."

"Oddslife!" he cried, tossing his fine head, "say you so, Master Faversham. Well, since you'll not wager, I do now bind myself to kiss the fingers of this sweet lady, the hem of whose petticoat we are unfit to touch, within the week; and failing to do so, I swear by my honor to pay you two hundred caroluses."

I looked at him in wonder for a moment, then:

"Look to it, Carlestone, that you employ no force," I said.

"Pshaw, you pay me a poor compliment."

"I mean not only the force of strength, but the force of fair, false speeches and lying promises. Remember her simplicity, her innocence, and remember, too, that you are a gentleman."

"No whit less I hope than you are a fool."

"And lest that should escape you," I continued, "remember that she hath a brother."

"What of him?"

"Alan Fitzmorris is reputed the best swordsman in the three Lothians."

"In the three Lothians, maybe," answered he, contemptuously.

"And remember yet, my lord," I added, "the blood mounting to my head, 'that mine is a reputation that reaches further than the three Lothians.'"

He changed color at that, and we stood measuring each other with our eyes. Then he laughed and shook his golden love-locks.

"Gadzooks, Faversham, these Scotch mists have addled your Kentish brains. But there, my caroluses are yours if I fail. I have sworn it. Of what may follow, time enough to deal with it when it comes."

We parted thus—not lovingly, as you may think. And with every hour the breach betwixt us grew wider. Carlestone opened the campaign that night. He appeared at supper tricked out in the gaudiest doublet he had brought with him, with a ribbon wherever he could stick one, and a score of other fripperies. His fine, white hands were all bejeweled, and his love-locks scented like a court lady's lap-dog. Sir Everard looked twice at him as he took his seat beside Mistress Margaret, while my Lady Grizel opened wide her eyes, then—being a woman—she glanced from him to her niece, and smiled softly to herself. For mine own part as I gazed upon his handsome, courtly figure I felt that I had never truly hated a man until that hour. Hatred is oft the child of fear, and so methinks was it then, for in my heart I had begun to fear this pretty fellow as a rival. When we had supped, and whilst Sir Everard and I—as was our common wont—opposed each other at backgammon, Carlestone led Mistress Margaret to the spinet, and whilst she sang he lolled on a settle, and kept his eyes, in a calf-like glance, intent upon her. Is it wonderful that I played like a fool and lost a score of crowns to my host?

The comedy that was begun that night was pursued upon the morrow, and so every day for a week. And during that week I scarce had two words with Margaret, for Carlestone was ever at her side, and—what embittered me the more—she appeared no-wise averse to this. I grew sullen and morose, and my temper suffered sorely. Had it been an honest contest betwixt us for her love I might have borne the burden of it with a better grace. But knowing that 'twas no more than a matter of my Lord Carlestone indulging his vanity, my heart hardened, and I swore that did he earn her affection and permission to kiss her hand, then come to me with a laugh and the boast of it, I would desire him to take a turn with me on the braes of Angus, and there I would leave him cold and stiff with a pink stain on his pretty doublet.

On the morning of the seventh day after my Lord had embarked upon this undertaking I observed them together in the garden. A few moments later Carlestone entered the hall where I was pacing, and I remarked that his face, usually so gay and reckless, wore now a scowl of sour displeasure.

"You are glum, my lord," I sneered. He forced a laugh in answer.

"Crush me! I have good reason to be. That artless jade is like to cost me two hundred caroluses. But rat me," he added, as he turned away, "I have not lost yet. Not until to-night."

I answered nothing and he departed.

In that same hall I came towards noon upon my lady. She greeted me with a smile, and her clear gray eyes were fixed for a moment on my face.

"You are looking pale, Mr. Faversham," said she, with kindly concern in her voice, "and sad of late I have remarked. I am afraid this enforced captivity tries you sorely, and that you pine to be gone from Baillienochy."

"Madame, you do me an injustice. The cause of the king I serve is in a state to make all loyal men look pale and sad. But for the rest, sweet lady, there is that at Baillienochy that makes me sigh rather at the thought of going hence than at the time that I am like to spend here."

I gazed at her as I spoke, my boldness springing, I doubt not, from the discomfiture that a while ago I had remarked in Carlestone. She dropped her eyes before my glance, and some of the color left her cheeks. That she took my meaning was clear, since she asked no questions, and an

awkward silence followed. To my rescue came the quick patter of feet without. The door was flung open, and into the apartment dashed one of Sir Everard's gillies with wild eyes and a scared countenance.

"Ou, ou!" he wailed, in his barbarous northern accent, "the laird o' Carlestone, the bonnie laird!"

"What of him, fool?" I cried.

"Droonit, nae less," he blurted out.

"Drowned!" gasped Margaret, with horror.

"Nay, nay," came another voice, "not drowned we hope. There is life in him yet." And across the threshold came Carlestone's two attendants carrying their dripping master. His arms trailed limp beside him as they set him down before the fire; his eyes were closed and his cheeks a deadly hue. But his heart still beat, and he breathed, albeit faintly. In a trice, Margaret's fingers had undone the collar of his doublet. She called for usquebaugh, and kneeling beside him set herself to chafe his brows and hands.

"How came it to happen?" I inquired.

"His lordship went a-fishing in the loch," answered one of his servants, "and must have slipped, for of a sudden there was a splash, and from where we stood, not a hundred yards from the spot, we saw him disappear into the water. 'Twas one of the gillies fished him out."

"See, Mr. Faversham," cried Margaret, "he breathes more freely."

At that moment Carlestone sighed deeply, and opened his eyes. He encountered Mar-

garet's gaze, and for a second or two he returned it vacantly. Then:

"'Tis you, sweet mistress," he murmured. "And I am not dead! 'Tis you who have brought me back to life!"

He had caught her hand in his, and slowly he was carrying it to his lips.

'Twas a natural enough action as matters stood, yet even as I remarked it I guessed the trick that was being played. I remembered that Carlestone was a stout swimmer; that the blue tint of his cheeks was no more than the very natural fruit of an October immersion in the icy waters of loch Esk, and like one fascinated I watched the hand drawing closer to his lips. Nearer and nearer he drew it, and minutes seemed involved. He had those slender fingers at last within their own breadth of his mustachios, when of a sudden the hand was whisked away. It was poised for an instant in the air, then it descended with a resounding cuff upon his lordship's ear.

"There, my lord," quoth Margaret, with a scornful laugh, "that will do much to aid restore your circulation. For the rest you may pay Mr. Faversham the two hundred caroluses, for even this pretty trick hath failed you, and methinks 'tis unlike-

ly now you'll essay another."

I stood aghast, scarce believing that I had heard aright, whilst Carlestone got on his feet with an alacrity little to have been looked for in his exhaustion of a moment back. His brow grew black in a most formidable scowl, and the anger in his eyes



"'Twas one of the gillies fished him out."

was a thing to make a man look to his weapons.

"Damnation," he snarled, turning upon me. "You have played me false, you knave!"

"Knave in your teeth, my lord," I answered, coldly. "You have lied!"

With a bunch of oaths, he put his hand to his bilbo, but before he could draw Margaret had got between us.

"Gentlemen," she cried, "let this matter go no further. Mr. Faversham has not played you false, my lord. I myself heard your boast. I could not help it, for yours is the common failing of boasters—you speak over-loudly."

"So, pretty lady," he muttered, with a sneer that made me burn to strike him, "since you played eavesdropper I marvel not at the turn affairs have taken. But as for letting the matter go no further," he vented a mirthless laugh, "by G—d, madame, it shall go further. Further than is dreamt of by you or this cavalier of yours."

Her cheeks grew crimson at the words—words that gave me a notion of how deeply Carlestone's soul was wounded.

"My lord," I began, when Margaret again interposed.

"Enough, and more, has been said already, Mr. Faversham. Lord Carlestone will doubtless see fit to depart."

He answered nothing, and as Sir Everard entered at that moment he made us a low bow—meant in mockery, but which his dripping clothes and bedraggled appearance served only to make ridiculous—then calling to his attendants he stalked away, disregarding Sir Everard's exclamations and inquiries.

He left Bailienochy an hour later, without word of farewell or thanks to his host, and we were sorely taxed—Margaret and I—to explain to Sir Everard what had befallen.

For another week we had peace, and—for my own part—happiness at Bailienochy. That which had passed served to draw my lady and me closer together, and much time we spent in each other's company. So much, indeed, and so kind was she, that one fine day words that I had never meant to say were spoken, and I—a cavalier of fortune, a penniless adventurer—knelt to that pure, sweet lady as one might kneel before a shrine.

Her gentle eyes were moist, and her voice shook slightly as she gave me her hand to kiss and bade me rise. And as I did

so my joy was dashed by sudden qualms born of the honor which this love of mine awakened.

"Sweet mistress," I cried, "I have presumed too far. I had forgotten in the moment's happiness my sad condition. I am a poor soldier of fortune—a landless, houseless ruffler."

"Nay, Lal," she answered with a tenderness beyond all words, "not that, but a loyal, worthy gentleman whom a noble devotion to his King hath beggared. And for this reduced condition of yours I love you, Lal, as much as for your own dear self."

Such was the dawn of our happiness—a happiness, alas! that was about to suffer a sorry interruption.

It would appear that when Carlestone left Bailienochy, he quitted at the same time the loyal party to which hitherto he had belonged—to such desperate expedients will hatred drive a man, even though a gallant and intrepid gentleman as Carlestone assuredly had been. It would appear from what I learned anon that he had repaired to that cross-eyed pillar of the Covenant, the Marquess of Argyle, and offered to become a traitor and informer in the service of Kirk and State. He sought my ruin, and that of Sir Everard Fitzmorris with me. In the service of M'Callum More he came upon an infernal Presbyterian villain and kinsman of Argyle, named Sir John Gillespie, betwixt whom and me there lay as hot and goodly a hatred as ever led to the striking of stout blows.

This Gillespie—a dog who had once sought to sell the King to Cromwell—found ample employment for his treacherous instincts in hunting those loyalists that had taken up arms to do battle for their prince's honor. No sooner did he learn that the business afoot with Carlestone was to seize the person of one Lionel Faversham, than he joined hands with his lordship.

In his eagerness to see me trussed, Gillespie allowed his zeal to outrun all prudence, and without waiting until Argyle should grant him the posse of men he needed for the undertaking, he got together a parcel of hired cutthroats and with these at his back, and accompanied by Carlestone, he came north in quest of me.

I had the news of his approach—and enough, besides, to make me infer that which I have here set down—but an hour before his advent at Bailienochy. 'Twas brought me by my faithful Giles, who had been overtaken by Gillespie and his party at

Kirrienmuir, and who had traveled hot-foot to warn me.

Forthwith I repaired to Sir Everard, before whom I laid the whole matter from the

"Sir Everard," I began, but he cut me short.

"There is no time at present, lad. The myrmidons of the Kirk are at my gates.



"We parted in the courtyard of the castle, for . . . Margaret lingered a moment after the others."

beginning, pointing out the peril that was sweeping down upon us. He heard me calmly even when I told him that I loved his daughter, for the time was come to make all things clear.

A tall, portly man he was, of noble countenance, and on this was now stamped a sad smile as he made answer:

"I have seen it for some days, Lal, and I had looked to hear from you ere this."

The times are sorry, Lal, but we will hope and pray for a speedy and blessed restoration of His Majesty to his throne of England, and when that comes to us also will be restored that which we have lost in the service of the King, our master. Time enough then, Lal, for you to think of marriage. Pish, lad, enough said. I will quit Bailienochy forthwith, with Lady Grizel and Margaret. I have friends in Inverness.

Thither will we go, and if you are minded to come with us——"

I shook my head, albeit not without reluctance.

"No, Sir Everard," I answered, for all that I would fain have gone whither my lady went. "Middleton is still in the north, with some ten thousand men, 'tis said. I will make an effort to join him, for it may come to pass that a blow will soon be struck."

He did not seek to alter my determination, for indeed had he numbered but my years 'tis certain he would have acted in like fashion. He was on the point of leaving me to bid the ladies prepare for the journey, when a shouting without, and the clatter of arms, told us that already our enemies were upon us and that our retreat was cut off.

We stood in the lofty hall of the castle, and at that unwelcome noise we instinctively clasped each other's hand, and a look of anguish passed between us. But on my part this weakness was short-lived. With an oath, I sprang to the table where lay a brace of pistols. I seized them and looked to their priming.

"What would you do, Lal?" cried the old nobleman, aghast.

"Do, Sir Everard?" quoth I. "Why, take as high a price for my life as I can, and die here. Think you I have a stomach for a gallops at Perth?"

The words were but uttered when the door was flung rudely open, and into the room strode Carlestone, followed by Gillespie and six as ill-looking ruffians as ever escorted a man of his position.

"I am returned, you see," cried his lordship, with a coarse laugh, "returned to pay my reckoning."

I stood erect, my hands behind my back, concealing the pistols that I grasped. Upon Carlestone I bestowed not so much as a glance, but addressed myself to Gillespie.

"Give you good-day, Mass-John," quoth I, contemptuously. "What is your Judas traffic now?"

He advanced towards me with a sour look on his lean, sallow face.

"I am come to arrest you, you son of Belial, and you, too, Sir Everard," he answered, grimly.

"Upon what charge?"

"That of malignancy and conspiracy against the Covenant."

He stood within a yard of me, and before he could guess my purpose I had set a pistol at his head.

"If any of your ruffianly followers move hand or foot, Sir John," I cried, in a loud voice, "I'll blow your rascally brains out."

Rat me, but I could have laughed at the hush that fell upon them, and to see them standing as if turned to stone, none daring to brave my threat. Sir John alone had courage to raise his hand, but before it had reached the level of his belt, the cold nozzle of my pistol was pressed against his forehead, and——

"Have a care, Sir John," I thundered, "or by the living God, I fire."

There was that in my voice and glance that told him how deadly earnest was my purpose. I saw the conviction of it writ plain upon his now livid face, and I was quick to use the advantage I had gained.

"Bid your men throw down their weapons, Sir John," I commanded. There was a moment's pause. "Did you not hear me, sir?" I growled. "Bid them throw down their weapons or I'll show your Presbyterian soul the road to hell."

In a choking voice he gave the command, and it was followed by a clatter of falling swords and pistols that made joyful music to my ears.

"Have they all complied, Sir Everard?"

"All but Lord Carlestone."

"Take this pistol, sir," I said, holding out my left hand, "and shoot him without mercy if he still refuses."

Keeping his face towards Carlestone, Sir Everard took the pistol, and a moment later, in answer to his rasping challenge, I heard his lordship's sword rattle on the parquet.

"Bid him stand yonder with those other ruffians," said I, and presently, when in that also my will was done, I desired Sir Everard to collect the relinquished weapons and place them upon the table behind me.

"And now, Jack Presbyter," said I to Gillespie, "bid your ruffians march through the door on their left."

"Whither does it lead?" he demanded, sullenly.

"What's that to you? Bid them march, you dog." And to urge him I pressed the nozzle harder still against his temple. I was obeyed, and in a moment the hall was empty save for Sir Everard, Sir John and myself. "And now you shall follow your men, Sir John, so that you may know whither they are gone. Step backwards. Slowly. So!"

Whistling the air of "Cuckolds, come dig!" I guided him step by step to the door of the chamber into which his myrmidons had already disappeared; across the thresh-

old I drove him, then reaching forward I closed the door upon them and shot the bolts. 'Twas a stout piece of oak that would resist any efforts, while the chamber was lighted by a single window too small to admit the body of a man.

We had them safely caged. I turned to Sir Everard with a laugh of exultation. The old knight was pale with excitement, and the moisture stood thick upon his brow.

"'Twas bravely done, lad. Odds-life! I never saw a bolder thing."

I laughed again. From beyond the door came the sound of our prisoners' voices, and I doubt they lacked not matter for discussion.

"Come, Sir Everard," I cried, "let us depart."

"But what of them?" he asked, jerking his thumb towards the door.

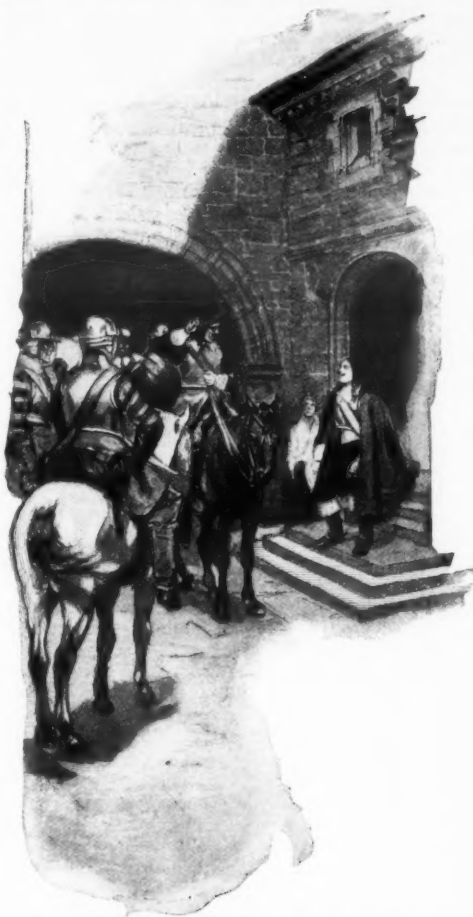
"Let them rot there. Or, perchance, 'twould be more merciful to set the castle afire, and by saving them the pangs of starvation give them a foretaste of that which eternity hath in store for them!"

Some discussion I had with Sir Everard, who censured the barbarity of my notions, which presently was ended by the appearance of Lady Grizel and Margaret. They came shuddering with dread, and great was their rapture upon beholding us safe and unharmed. And when Sir Everard related to them with enthusiasm and much kindly exaggeration the paltry thing that I had done, there was a flush of pleasure in my sweet lady's cheeks, and a glance of pride in the gray eyes that beamed upon me and claimed me for her own.

At sunset, some two hours later, they set out at last upon their journey to Inverness, bearing with them what valuables they could carry and escorted by half-a-dozen of Sir Everard's gillies. We parted in the courtyard of the castle, for since I went by way of Loch-nagar our roads lay not together. Margaret lingered a moment after the others, and if our parting was fraught with sadness, yet it was lighted by the hope of happy days we each felt the future held in

trust. Fondly she bade me look to my safety and remember that I belonged to her.

"Farewell, my cavalier," she murmured, when at last I led her to the gate where Sir



"Suffice it that the words wherewith he greeted and astounded me were: 'Have I the honor to address Sir John Gillespie?'"

Everard waited. "Be loyal, brave and fortunate, and until next we meet wear this in memory of me."

She was gone at last, and I stood in the gateway, my eyes riveted upon the lumbering coach, and in my hand the locket which at parting she had left me, and which enclosed a tiny miniature of her angel face.

With a sigh that was not all pain, I

turned to find Giles behind me, with our horses ready saddled for the journey.

Bidding him await me, I mounted to my chamber to make my final preparations. 'Twas soon done, and armed and booted I descended again to the hall to take a last look at the door that shut in Gillespie and his party. My foot was on the stairs when of a sudden my ear caught the thud of hoofs. At the sound my heart misgave me, and dashing down the intervening steps I made for the first window on the landing and thence looked out.

Coming up the road towards the castle at a sharp trot, I espied a party of men, a score maybe, in corselets and pots that bespoke their calling. This was no ruffianly out-at-elbow crew such as had attended Gillespie, but an orderly company of troopers—their service, one glance was enough to tell me, was the Covenant's.

I ground my teeth in rage—the sullen rage of despair. Had I but dallied less I might have been miles away by then, instead of trapped by a fresh peril with which I had not reckoned. I must make a dash for it, I told myself, and with that I sprang down the steps four at a time. In the hall I came upon a gillie who gesticulated madly and tormented my ears with his cry of:

"The Sassenachs, the Sassenachs!"

With a curse, I flung past him. From the chamber where Gillespie was confined came shouts and vigorous knocking.

Breathless, I reached the courtyard.

"Giles," I shouted. He turned towards me a face that wore a settled look of despair, and before he could do more than rap out an oath the troop was at the gate.

Well, the game was played, and clearly the day was, after all, the Covenant's. It but remained to let my bearing give lustre to my defeat, and so I met with a courtly bow the young officer that rode forward. And then when fortune appeared to have deserted me, she showed me a curious and unlooked-for favor. To this day I cannot fathom the source of that officer's misapprehension, beyond the fact that seeing me so fully equipped did dupe him into it. Suffice it that the words wherewith he greeted and astounded me were:

"Have I the honor to address Sir John Gillespie?"

I may lack the nimble wit of an ante-chamber fop, but I have never known my sense to fail me in a moment of peril. And so despite the profound amazement that

beset me, I bowed and answered without a moment's hesitation.

"Your servant, sir."

"I am Captain Campbell," said he, alighting and throwing the reins to one of his men. "I was told that I should find you here. I bring you this letter from the Marquess of Argyle."

"You are sorely needed here, sir," I said, coolly, taking the letter and breaking the seal. "Those malignant dogs, Faversham and Fitzmorris, proved not the easy capture I expected. They met me with a parcel of godless followers, and but that I held a pistol to the head of the elder of those sons of Baal, and threatened to shoot him unless his ruffians obeyed me, you would have come too late, captain. As it is, for all that I have got them safely under lock and key but for your timely arrival I should not have known what to do with them. But what says my Lord of Argyle?"

I turned my attention to the letter whilst the officer laughed over that which I had told him. It was a peremptory order to Gillespie to deliver up what prisoners he had taken at Baillienochy to Captain Campbell, and forthwith to proceed to Lochnagar, there to effect the capture of two notorious malignants who were described in the letter.

I handed the paper to Campbell.

"There are your orders, captain, and mine. My horse is ready, and I will start at once. Since the prisoners here are to be entrusted to you, go up and take them; the din they are making will lead you to them. I wish you joy of your capture."

He looked up in some astonishment, and fearing lest this should be followed by suspicion, I was quick to add, "Will you lend me three troopers to help me in this business?"

His brow cleared and he smiled.

"Verily you are impatient to smite the enemies of Israel," quoth he. "Take six."

"Three will suffice," I replied, getting into the saddle. "Too many might prove dangerous"—in which there was more truth than the captain suspected.

Five minutes later, with Giles and the three troopers, I rode out from Baillienochy, whilst Campbell and his Sassenachs went to secure their prisoners. Like the wind I went, for methought pursuit was imminent. Yet fortune smiled on me to the end, and in the dead of that winter night, Giles and I—with the connivance of a heavily bribed landlord—left the inn where we had halted without taking leave of our slumbering

escort. Before daybreak twenty miles of difficult country separated us from them.

Two days later in a hostelry at Inverury I heard the story, told with vast unction by a loyal Highlander, of how a young spark of the court had fooled two parties of Covenanters to do battle at Bailienochy, each deeming the other a body of malignants. It would appear from what I then learned that

when Campbell unbarred the door, Gillespie and his men—albeit unarmed—flung themselves furiously upon the troopers. Not until four of them had been cut down did they discover their error.

But fortunately for my escape it took Gillespie some hours to convince Captain Campbell of the trick whereof he had been made the victim.

(The third story of this series will appear in Ainslee's for January.)

SENATOR ALDRICH

THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MAN IN CONGRESS

By L. A. COOLIDGE

IF one hundred American citizens were to be asked to name the most influential man in Congress, ninety-nine of them would reply off-hand, "The Speaker of the House of Representatives"—and they would be wrong. If by the most influential man in Congress is meant the one who accomplishes the most, who has most to do with shaping legislation, whose support of any particular measure is of greatest value—the man who comes nearest to meeting the definition is Nelson W. Aldrich, a United States Senator from Rhode Island. The Speaker of the House is powerful; at his own end of the capitol his supremacy is unchallenged; but Aldrich is greater than he. Aldrich can handle the Senate.

Outside of Washington not many people know very much about Aldrich. There are a dozen Senators, at least, whose names are more familiar. Frye and Hale, Hoar and Lodge, Hawley, Platt, Depew, Allison, Foraker, Elkins, Spooner, Quay, Mark Hanna—any one of these is better known, and yet any one of them will yield to Aldrich in knowledge of what can be done in the Senate and how to do it. "If I want to put a bill through Congress," said one of them, "I had rather talk with Aldrich than with any other ten."

Eight or ten years ago an election of Senator was pending in Illinois. The Democrats in state convention had nominated John M. Palmer as their candidate. Palmer was an old war horse surrounded with all the traditions and sentiment of his party. Certain Republicans thought it would be a fine thing if they were to oppose him with Uncle Dick Oglesby, likewise an old war

horse surrounded with traditions and sentiment, and a representative was sent to talk with Uncle Dick about it. Oglesby objected. "John and I have had our day," he said. "We were all right years ago, but times have changed. Either one of us would be out of place in the Senate. A man to succeed there now has to be a specialist. Suppose John is elected; he goes to Washington and a tariff bill comes up. He can make a great speech on the tariff. It is a matter of principle with him, and he will wax eloquent on the iniquity of protection and the advantages of a tariff for revenue. If he were to make the same speech out here on the prairies it would set them afire. The old settlers would take his word for gospel and think he knew all about it. It would be the same with me if I were to talk on the other side. I could discuss the tariff as I would discuss the Christian religion. But I have never studied the details of it, and neither has he. John will get up and deliver his oration, and then that little fellow Aldrich on the other side will ask him something about schedules. He will ask him about the duty on steel rails, or tinplate, or sugar, or nails, or something of that kind, and John won't know what to say. He never heard of a schedule in his life, and he won't be in it. All his fine sentiments will be just so much wind. He is too old to learn new tricks, and so am I. The man who succeeds in the Senate nowadays is the one who has studied the details of a question." So Uncle Dick refused to stand. Palmer was elected, and the result was just what Uncle Dick had foretold.

The incident illustrates how Aldrich has

gained his hold. He is a specialist. He knows the tariff from A to Z, and there is no other man in either branch of Congress, now that Dingley is dead, who can compare with him. There is no question vitally affecting business interests in which Aldrich is not equally at home. He is a business man, and the great industries of the country have learned to look upon him as their special representative. And, after all, the great mass of really important legislation has to do with business.

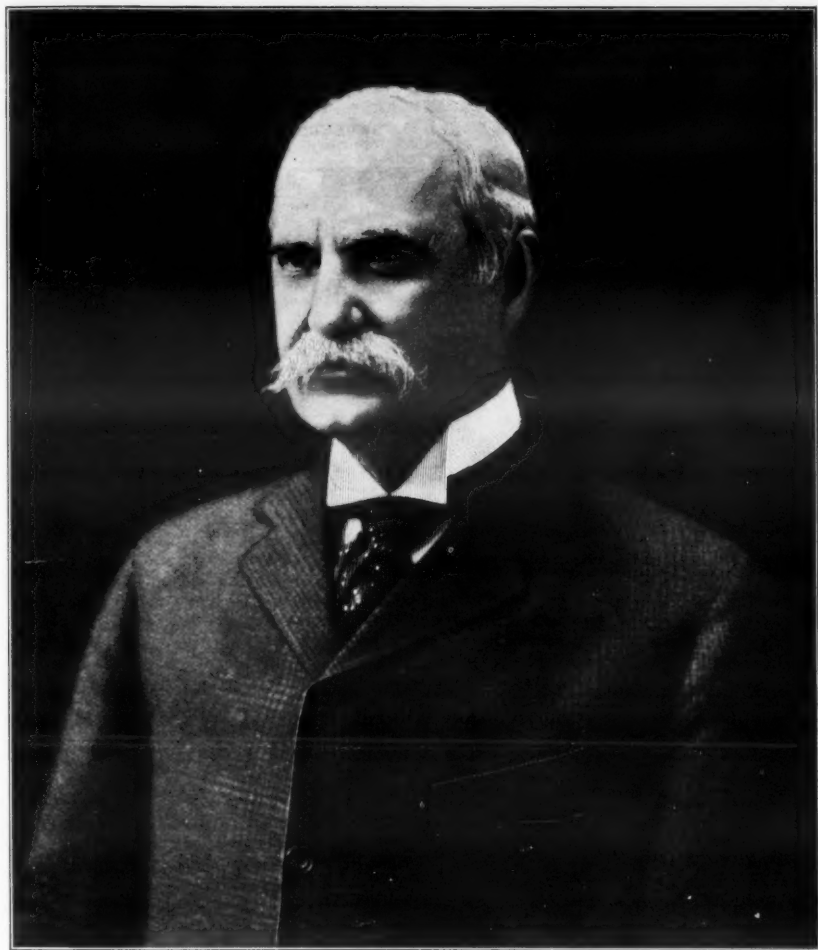
For twenty years the Senate has been gaining on the House. It has seized one advantage after another until it has things about its own way. Its limited membership and unlimited debate give individual Senators free play. The House has grown so big that it has been compelled to cut off debate and put arbitrary power in the hands of the Speaker. It has to act promptly as a unit if it is to act at all. On questions of legislation where serious differences arise with the Senate it frequently has to take a measure or reject it just as it stands. It originates legislation. It sends a bill over to the Senate and the Senate amends it. It is in the power of a small group of Senators, and sometimes at the close of a session, in the power of a single Senator, to prevent the passage of any bill. There are times when any Senator with a small following, by threatening long debate, can compel amendments which are satisfactory to him. A measure, thus amended so as to insure the support of a majority of the Senate, goes back to the House where it originated. If it is a measure involving party policy the House has to take it or else run the risk of sending it back to the Senate again with amendments that will arouse limitless discussion imperiling its fate. In nine cases out of ten the House, under protest, will accept the Senate amendments rather than run the risk of defeating the bill altogether, and right here is where a master of legislation like Aldrich has his power. Having secured the kind of a bill he wants in the Senate he convinces the House that it must take that or nothing.

When Aldrich first came to Washington as a member of the House he was a wholesale grocer in Providence. That was in 1879, and he had served his apprenticeship in politics as President of the Providence Common Council, and Speaker for one year of the House of Representatives of the Rhode Island General Assembly. His reputation was that of a good business man who

had shown political aptitude, and he did very little in the House to increase it one way or the other. He was recognized as a level-headed member who would make a very sensible representative as representatives go. It was a Democratic House, with Sam Randall as Speaker, and they put Aldrich at the foot of the committee on the District of Columbia. He was re-elected to the Forty-seventh Congress, but before he took his seat again he had been chosen to the Senate as the successor to General Burnside; his legislative experience has been acquired almost exclusively in the body of which he is now the most influential member.

The Senate, when Aldrich entered it, was evenly divided politically, and David Davis was president pro tem. The leader of the Republican side was George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, a man almost the exact opposite of Aldrich in everything that goes to make up a legislative leader. Edmunds was a great lawyer, a keen debater, a master of incisive English, with a mind like a surgeon's scalpel. Of politics in the ordinary sense he knew nothing. He could no more have railroaded a complicated tariff bill through the Senate than he could have handled a Tammany district in New York. He knew nothing about managing men or combining interests. And yet by sheer acuteness of intellect and mastery of legislative problems Edmunds dominated the Republicans in the Senate for many years. His leadership was unchallenged until there came a new order of things with the forcing of the tariff question to the front when Grover Cleveland sent in his famous message. Edmunds was chairman of the Committee on Judiciary and the leading member of the Committee on Foreign Relations—the two committees of the Senate in which Aldrich would probably find himself least at home.

When Aldrich entered the Senate the tariff question was just beginning to assume an important place in legislation. The Tariff Commission which framed the tariff of 1883 was at work and members of Congress were talking about schedules and duties. Aldrich as a business man representing an important manufacturing state was appointed to a place on the Committee on Finance, with which he has remained ever since, and of which he is now the chairman. He had already begun to study financial questions, and before long it was clear that the new Senator was going to devote himself to that side



Prince photo.

Senator Aldrich.

of legislation, and to that alone. It probably never occurred to him at that time that through that means he was destined to grow into the position of leadership. He was interested chiefly in looking out for the industries of his own state, and in order to do that effectively he found it necessary to study closely all the conditions which would affect them. There are not many men in public life who are willing to give themselves up to that kind of work, but Aldrich was not only willing to do it—he was

enamored of the task. He kept at it until he knew to a nicety just how any one of the industries in which he was especially interested would be affected by an increase or reduction in duties, just what proportion of profit rested in *ad valorem* or specific, just what relation one industry bore to another. Then he went further. He read all the books he could find on political economy and the theories of finance. There is probably no man in Congress who has read more thoroughly or understandingly than he. His

library on financial topics is one of the most complete in the United States.

When a man masters any particular subject those who have devoted less time to it are very apt to let him have his own way in everything relating to it where their own

cared little except for silver and the currency. Allison was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, which in itself was enough to occupy the time of any Senator. Aldrich was the only one of the lot who devoted himself to the tariff with its



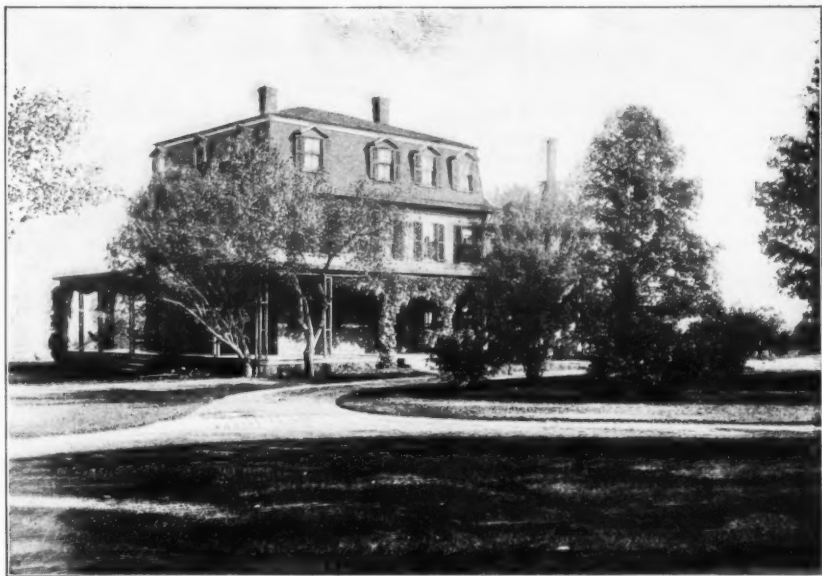
A Driveway in the Aldrich Estate at Warwick Neck.

individual interests do not happen to be at stake. Other Senators had schemes of their own to look after. Each one was hunting what seemed to him to be bigger game. And so they began to look to Aldrich to settle questions of detail relating to the tariff. On the first Committee on Finance of which he was a member were Justin Morrill of Vermont, John Sherman of Ohio, Thomas W. Ferry of Michigan, John P. Jones of Nevada, and William B. Allison of Iowa. Morrill knew about the tariff and was regarded as the father of Protection; but he was more interested in the theory than in the details. Sherman was a master of finance, and of the laws of exchange—the greatest financier who had sat in the Senate in a generation. But the schedules of the tariff bill wearied him. He was a statesman of the old school, of political ambition—always looking towards the presidency which he never reached. Ferry was nearing the end of his political career. Jones of Nevada

infinite details, and who was willing to sacrifice everything else for that. It has been much the same with every succeeding finance committee of which he has been a member. When the Mills bill came over from the House of Representatives in 1888 Aldrich was the only Republican in the Senate who could devote his entire time to its consideration. When the Senate committee decided to frame a Republican substitute on Protection lines, Aldrich was there to watch every schedule and figure on every duty. He was a member of the sub-committee to frame the bill, and the other members came very near letting him have his own way. That was really the first demonstration of Aldrich's leadership in the Senate. It came about so quietly that most people were unconscious of it. Indeed, it was not until two years later that the Senate, aroused fully to the realization that he had become the master-mind in dealing with the question which was then the dividing issue be-

tween parties. When the Republicans came into power in the Fifty-first Congress the great problem they had before them was to frame a tariff bill. McKinley was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the House. He was the spectacular champion of

McKinley bill in 1890 was true also of the Dingley bill in 1896, and strange to say, it was true, in a measure, of the Democratic Wilson-Gorman bill of 1894, for the most striking feature of Aldrich's leadership is that it is almost as effective on the Demo-



Senator Aldrich's Home at Warwick Neck.

Protection, and his name was synonymous with the protective theory. The committee of which he was the head framed a tariff bill after many hearings and after much travail which was known as the McKinley bill, and which was sent to the Senate late in May. In the Senate the Finance Committee took hold of it and proceeded to do with it as they saw fit. The work of revision was given to a sub-committee of which Aldrich was a member, and it was Aldrich who figured on the schedules and decided what changes ought to be made. The other members had their suggestions with regard to industries in which they were especially interested; but Aldrich was interested in all industries, and it was easy for them to let him have his way. When the bill went back to the House there was hardly a schedule which did not bear his mark, and when the bill finally became a law it would more appropriately have borne his name than McKinley's. What was true of the

cratic side of the Senate as on his own. In all the history of Congress there has never been another man who had his genius for managing political opponents as well as political friends.

It has often been said of the Senate in jest that it is a rich man's club. So far as the rich men are concerned, this is not a very happy description, for there are not many men of wealth in the north wing of the Capitol. But nobody can understand the Senate very well who does not appreciate the fact that it has many of the characteristics of a club. With a few conspicuous exceptions, Senators are on good terms with one another. There is a spirit of good-fellowship among them, and, politics aside, there is the basis for a common understanding. It would be easy to recall many instances of firm friendship between men on opposite sides of the aisle. Conkling and Thurman, Vest and Quay, Chandler and Tillman, Frye and Gorman are cases in point.

Where personal relations are so close it is not strange that party differences should occasionally be found not strong enough to prevent harmony of action on measures which are not of obvious party importance.

It is generally possible for any Senator who is recognized as a good fellow to do business on the other side of the chamber when it comes to minor questions in which he has something personally at stake. Bearing this in mind it is not so difficult as it might otherwise be to understand how it has come about that a man like Aldrich has been able to establish relations on the Democratic side which work frequently to Republican advantage.

Aldrich is a master of all the higher arts of the politician. He understands people and motives better than any other man in Congress. He appreciates intuitively where personal interests lie, and he knows how to combine them. There are half-a-dozen of the most influential Senators on the Democratic side with whom Aldrich can always talk understandingly. When Gorman was in the Senate and was the master-mind on his side of the chamber, it was always easy for the two men to get together, for they had many qualities in common—with this marked difference, that Gorman had politi-

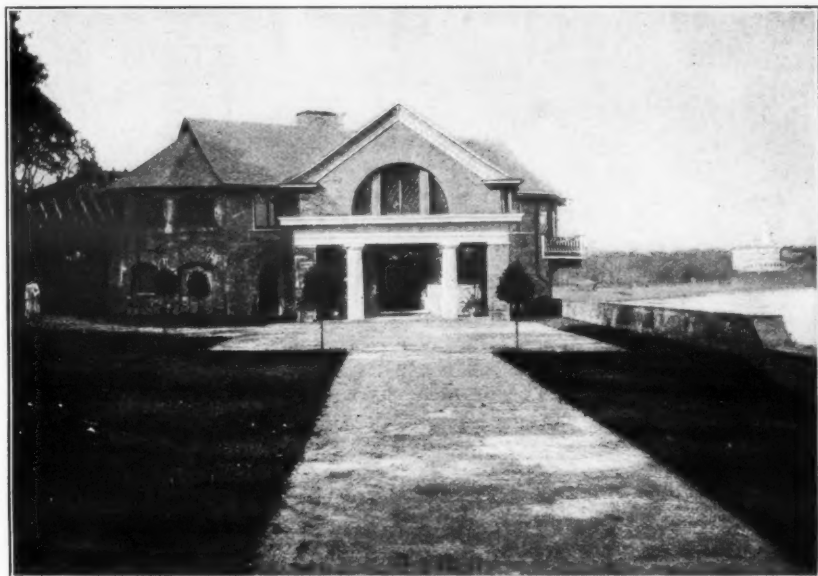
cal ambitions for himself, while Aldrich apparently has none. That is how it happened that Aldrich had so much to say about the final shape which should be assumed by the Wilson-Gorman tariff act. The history of that act illustrates the possibilities of level-headed leadership in the Senate. The bill was framed in the House, where it had to originate, on the basis of a tariff for revenue only, and was about as impractical a measure as ever got a standing in Congress. When it reached the Senate it ran up against a lot of hard-headed politicians and business men who cared nothing for theories. Gorman, on the Democratic side had as little use for Wilson's vagaries as any one of his Republican associates. He did not know very much about details of the tariff, but he knew in a general way what he wanted to get, and he was very glad indeed to have the assistance of Aldrich's technical knowledge when he came to the task of putting his ideas into shape. It is hardly a secret that the cotton schedule in the Wilson-Gorman act was dictated by Aldrich almost word for word, and there were many other schedules about which he and other Republicans had a great deal to say. The Senate was not overwhelmingly Democratic at that time, and the wishes of



In the Grounds at Warwick Neck.

individual Senators had to be consulted in order to get enough votes to pass any bill whatever. When the bill went back to the House it was barely recognized by its original framers; but there was nothing they could do about it. The session was nearing

his party opponents, but he is on good terms with everybody, and apparently deals with frank confidence with everybody. One great secret of his success is that he cares nothing for personal distinction. He is entirely satisfied with his position in the Sen-



The Tea House at Warwick Neck, Overlooking Narragansett Bay.

its close, an election was coming on. For a Democratic Congress elected on the tariff issue to have adjourned without passing some kind of a tariff bill would have been a confession of inefficiency which was not to be thought of. To send the bill back to the Senate meant its defeat. In desperation, the Democratic House adopted the Senate bill without the crossing of a *t* or the dotting of an *i*, marked by "perfidy and dishonor" though they believed it to be. That was an occasion where a few cool heads in the Senate proved more than equal to the President and the House combined, and Aldrich, Republican though he was, is entitled to a great share of the credit.

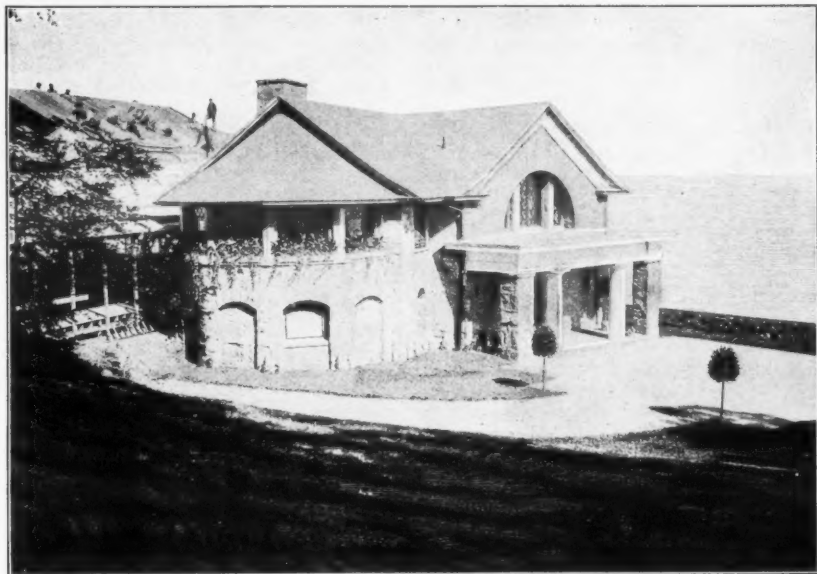
What Aldrich did with a Democratic Senate on this great question of party policy he is constantly doing with the Democratic minority in a Republican Senate on all sorts of questions which have a business side. He is not a man who establishes intimate friendships either among his party associates or

ate. It is a matter of indifference to him whether his name figures in the newspapers or not. He is not looking for anything in a political way beyond what he already has. So long as he can get substantially what he wants into a bill he does not care what name it goes by. The McKinley bill, the Dingley bill, the Hanna or Frye bill, are all one to him so long as he has something to say about their contents. He is not figuring on the presidency or looking forward to a place in history. He never seeks the center of the stage and cares nothing for the limelight. Thus one powerful cause for jealousy and suspicion on the part of his associates is altogether lacking. He is probably the only man in the Senate of whom this can be said, for even the best of them have their vanities and ambitions.

Aldrich has never found it necessary to attach himself to any faction in his own party, and he has never depended in any way upon his relations with the administra-

tion. He has never been one of those who frequented the White House. He is independent of Presidents. He has never been in need of federal patronage whether in his own state or to advance his schemes in the Senate. He is sure of Rhode Island anyway

in which he is interested he moves around quietly and easily, talking with this man and that, finding out just what everybody wants and just what everybody insists on or is willing to concede. He never burrows or accomplishes his end by stealth. Everything



Another View of the Tea House.

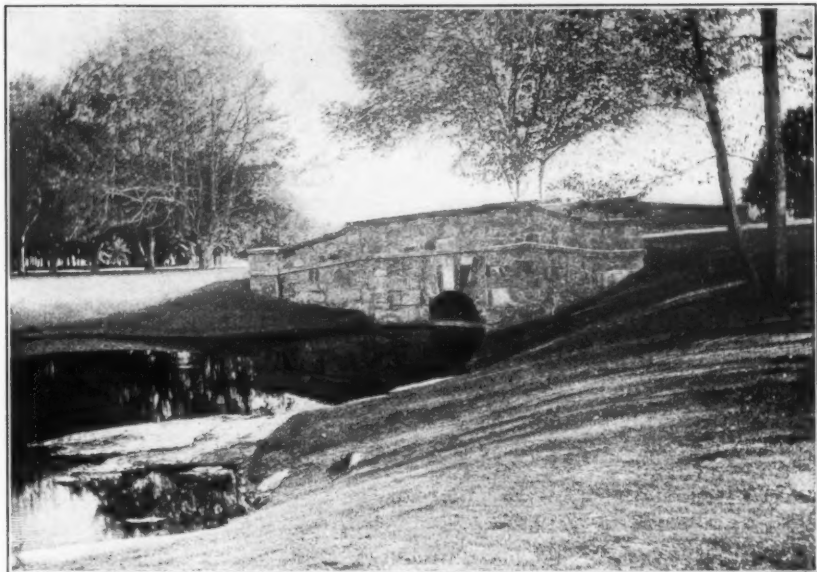
so long as he cares to remain in Congress, and he has other means than administration influence to further his legislative projects. McKinley wanted him to be Secretary of the Treasury, but Aldrich declined with thanks, without giving it a second thought. All he wants politically is to remain in the Senate. He has never figured in national conventions, and, so far as can be seen, has never taken part in the manipulations for the nomination of a President. He has no aspirations to shine as an orator. When he makes a speech in the Senate it is on some dry financial subject and its sole purpose is to supply his side with ammunition. He never jumps into a rough-and-tumble debate, but he has a way of asking questions, or making statements, which are disconcerting to the other side. He is quite ready to let others have all the spectacular advantages. The idea of playing to the galleries never entered his mind. He never bustles about his work. When a measure is on

with him is frank and above-board. He never assumes an air of mystery, and yet it is a standing mystery how he manages to accomplish so much with so little effort. He is always accessible, always good-natured, and always ready to talk with apparent sincerity and freedom.

When Aldrich came to Washington twenty years ago he was a comparatively poor man with a large family. To-day he is reputed to be several times a millionaire. The foundation of his fortune was laid in consolidating the street railways of Providence, which he still controls. Through the associations which he formed in that transaction with men of capital he has been able to accumulate a great deal of money. But it is characteristic of Aldrich that although he has become wealthy his habits of life are as plain and unassuming as they always were. He has never set up an establishment in Washington. Occasionally he has occupied a rented house, but of late years he has

always lived at the Arlington Hotel when Congress was in session, while his family have preferred to live quietly in Providence. He has five sons and three daughters, but none of them has ever cared for the society of the capital. He dines out a great deal

farmhouse, which will be torn down before long, that the wedding of his second daughter and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., took place a few weeks ago. Stories of the princely elaborateness of that affair had their origin in the imagination of the newspaper men.



The Stone Bridge at Warwick Neck.

and is sociably inclined, but his tastes are simple. He cares nothing for the usual recreations of men of great wealth. He has never owned a yacht or a fast horse. His only recreation has been in occasional trips abroad. A few years ago he bought several farms at Warwick Neck on Narragansett Bay, a few miles from Providence, and he is gradually transforming them into a summer home. In time he will have an estate there which will rival the greatest estates along the New England coast, but meanwhile he lives in one of the comfortable old farmhouses as simply and plainly as if that were all he had in the world. It was in this old

In personal appearance Aldrich is one of the handsomest men in public life. He has a well-knit frame. His finely-cut face beams with good-humor. Twenty years ago when he came to the House his hair was wavy and jet black, which gave him a striking appearance. Now it is rather sparse and gray, and the mustache is gray. But in spite of that he is lithe and agile as a boy. He is a good type of the successful business man who has brushed up against all sorts of people and knows how to live—a man of the world, not over-burdened with sentiment, and not worrying about other people's ills.

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HE was a happy boy, for he lived beside a harbor, and just below the last bend where the river swept out of steep woodlands into view of the sea. A half-ruined castle with a battery of antiquated guns still made believe to protect the entrance to the harbor, and looked across it upon a ridge of rocks surmounted by a wooden cross which the Trinity pilots kept in repair. Between the cross and the fort, for as long as he could remember, a procession of ships had come sailing in to anchor by the great red buoy immediately beneath his nursery window. They belonged to all nations and hailed from all imaginable ports; and from the day his nurse had first stood him upon a chair to watch them, these had been the great interest of his life. He soon came to know them all—French brigs and *chasse-marées*, Russian fore-and-afters, Dutch billy-boys, galliots from the East Coast, and Thames hay barges with vanes and wind boards. He could tell you why the Italians were deep in the keel, why the Danes were manned by youngsters, and why these youngsters deserted, although their skippers looked, and indeed were, such good-natured fellows; what food the French crews hunted in the seaweed under the cliff, and when the Baltic traders would be driven southward by the ice. Once acquainted with a vessel he would recognize her at any distance, though by what signs he could no more tell than we why we recognize a friend.

On his seventh birthday he was given a sailing boat, on condition that he learned to read; but although he kept by the bargain honestly, at the end of a month he handled her better than he was likely to handle his

book in a year. He had a companion and instructor, of course—a pensioner who had left the navy to become in turn fisherman, yachtsman, able seaman on board a dozen sailing vessels, and now yachtsman again. His name was Billy, and he taught the boy many mysteries, from the tying of knots to the reading of weather signs; how to beach a boat, how to take a conger off the hook, how to gaff a cuttle and avoid its ink. . . . In return, the boy gave him his heart, and even something like worship.

One fine day, as they tacked to and fro a mile and more from the harbor's mouth, whiffing for mackerel, the boy looked up from his seat by the tiller. "I say, Billy—did you speak?"

Billy, seated on the thwart and leaning with both arms on the weather gunwale, turned his head lazily. "Not a word this half hour," he answered.

"Well, now, I thought not; but somebody—or something—spoke just now." The boy blushed, for Billy was looking at him quizzically. "It's not the first time I've heard it, either," he went on; "sometimes it sounds right astern and sometimes close beside me."

"What does it say?" asked Billy, relighting his pipe.

"I don't know that it says anything, and yet it seems to speak out quite clearly. Five or six times I've heard it, and usually on smooth days like this, when the wind's steady."

Billy nodded. "That's right, sonny; I've heard it scores of times. And they say—But, there, I don't believe a word of it."

"What do they say?"



"Well, now, I thought not; but somebody—or something—spoke just now."

"They say that 'tis the voice of drowned men down below, and that they hail their names whenever a boat passes."

The boy stared at the water. He knew it for a floor through which he let down his trammels and crab pots into wonderland, a twilight with forests and meadows of its own in which all the marvels of all the fairybooks were possible; but the terror of it had never clouded his delight.

"Nonsense, Billy; the voice I hear is always quite cheerful and friendly—not a bit like a dead man's."

"I tell what I'm told," answered Billy, and the subject dropped.

But the boy did not cease thinking about the voice; and some time after he came, as it seemed, upon a clew. His father had set him to read Shakespeare, and taking down the first of twelve volumes from the shelf, he began upon the first play, "The Tempest." He was prepared to yawn, but the first scene flung open a door to him, and he stepped into a new world, a childish Ferdinand roaming an Isle of Voices. He resigned Miranda to the grown-up prince, for whom (as he saw at a glance, being wise in the ways of story books) she was eminently fitted. It was in Ariel, perched with harp upon the shrouds of the king's ship, he recognized the unseen familiar of his own voyaging.

"O spirit, be my friend—speak to me often!" As children will, he gave Prospero's island a local habitation in the tangled cliff garden, tethered Caliban in the tool-shed, and watched the white surf far withdrawn, or listened to its murmur between the lordly holes of the red-currant bushes. For the first time he became aware of some limitations in Billy.

He had long been aware of some serious limitations in his nurse; she could not, for instance, sail a boat and her only knot was a "granny." He never dreamed of despising her, being an affectionate boy; but more and more he went his own way without consulting her. Yet it was she who—unconsciously and quite as if it were nothing out of the way—handed him the clew.

A flagstaff stood in the garden on a grassy platform half way down the cliffside, and the boy at his earnest wish had been given



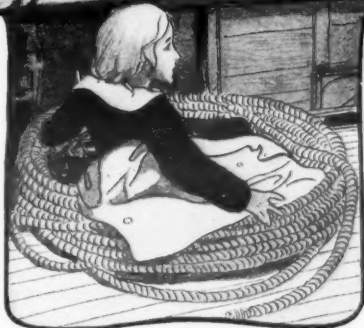
charge of it. On week days, as a rule, he hoisted two flags—an ensign on the gaff, and a single code flag at the mast-head; but on Sundays he usually ran up three or four, and with the help of the code book spelt out some message to the harbor. Sometimes, too, if an old friend happened to take up her moorings at the red buoy below, he would have her code letters hoisted to welcome her, or would greet and speed her with such signals as K. T.N., “Glad to see you,” and B.R.D., or B. Q.R., meaning “Good-by.” “A pleasant passage.” Skippers fell into the habit of dipping their flags to him as they were rowed out to sea, and a few amused themselves while at anchor by pulling out their bags of bunting and signaling humorous conversations, though their topmasts reached so near to the boy’s platform that they might with less labor have talked through a speaking trumpet.

One morning before Christmas, six vessels lay below at the buoy, moored stem to stem in two tiers of three; and after hoisting his signal (C.P.B.H., for “Christmas Eve”) he ran indoors with the news that all six were answering with bushes of holly at their topmast heads, while one—a Danish barkentine—had rove stronger halliards and carried a tall fir-tree at the main, its branches reaching many feet above her truck.

“Christmas is Christmas,” said his nurse. “When I was young, at such times there wouldn’t be a ship in the harbor without its talking bush.”

“What is a talking bush?” the boy asked.

“And you pretend to be a sailor! Well,



“The preacher’s voice had ceased—but another was speaking, and close beside him.”

well—not to know what happens on Christmas night when the clocks strike twelve!”

The boy’s eyes grew round. “Do—the—ships—talk?”

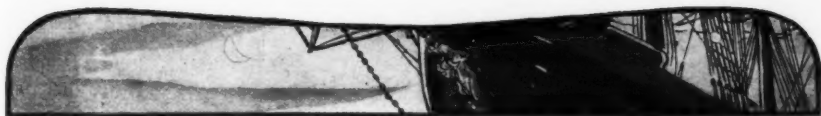
“Why, of course they do! For my part, I wonder what Billy teaches you.”

Late that evening, when the household supposed him to be in bed, the boy crept

down through the moonlit garden to the dinghy which Billy had left on its frape under the cliff. But for their riding lights the vessels at the buoy lay asleep. The crews of the foreigners had turned in; the *Nubian*, of Runcorn, had no soul on board, but a night watchman, now soundly dozing in the forecabin; and the *Touch-me-not* was deserted. The *Touch-me-not* belonged to the port, and her skipper, Captain Tangye, looked after her in harbor when he had paid off all hands. Usually he slept on board; but to-night, after trimming his lamp, he had rowed ashore to spend Christmas with his family—for which, since he owned a majority of the shares, no one was likely to blame him. He had even left the accommodation ladder hanging over her side to be handy for boarding her in the morning.

All this the boy had noted, and accordingly having pushed across in the dinghy, he climbed the *Touch-me-not’s* ladder and dropped upon deck, with a bundle of rugs and his father’s great-coat under his arm.

He looked about him and listened. There was no sound at all but the lap of tide between the ships and the voice of a preacher traveling over the water from a shed far down the harbor, where the Salvation Army was holding a midnight service. Captain Tangye had snugged down his ship for the



night; ropes were coiled, deckhouses padlocked, the spokes of the wheel covered against dew and frost. The boy found the slack of a stout hawser coiled beneath the taffrail—a circular fort into which he crept with his rugs and nestled down warmly; and then for half an hour lay listening. But only the preacher's voice broke the silence of the harbor. On—on it went, rising and falling.

Away in the little town the church clock chimed the quarter. "It must have missed striking the hour," thought the boy, and he peered over the edge of his shelter. The preacher's voice had ceased—but another was speaking, and close beside him.

"You'd be surprised," it said, "how simple one's pleasures grow with age. This is the twelfth Christmas I've spent at home, and I assure you I quite look forward to it; that's a confession, eh? from one who has sailed under Nelson, and smelt powder in his time." The boy knew that he must be listening to the *Touch-me-not*, whose keelson came from an old line-of-battle ship. "To be sure," the voice went on, graciously, "a great deal depends on one's company."

"Talking of powder," said the *Nubian*, creaking gently on her stern moorings, "reminds me of a terrible adventure. My very first voyage was to the mouth of a river on the West Coast of Africa, where two native tribes were at war. Somehow, my owner—a scoundrelly fellow in the Midlands—had wind of the quarrel and that the tribe nearest the coast needed gunpowder. We sailed from Cardiff with fifteen hundred barrels duly labeled, and the natives came out to meet us at the river mouth and rafted them ashore; but the barrels, if you will believe me, held nothing but sifted coal dust. Off we went before the trick was discovered, and with six thousand pounds' worth of ivory in my hold. But the worst villainy was to come, for my owner, pretending that he had opened up a profitable trade, and having his ivory to show for it, sold me to a London firm, who loaded me with real gunpowder and sent me out, six months later, to the same river, but with a new skipper and a different crew. The natives knew me at once, and came swimming out in canoes as soon as we dropped anchor. The captain,

who, of course, suspected nothing, allowed them to crowd on board—and I declare that within five minutes they had clubbed him and every man of the crew and tossed their bodies to the sharks. Then they cut my hawsers and towed me over the river bar, and having landed a good half of my barrels, they built and lit a fire around them in derision. I can hear the explosion still; my poor upworks have seemed crazy ever since. It destroyed almost all the fighters of the tribe who had formed a ring to dance around the fire. The rest fled inland, and I never saw them again, but lay abandoned for months as they had anchored me, between the ruined huts and a sandy spit alive with mosquitoes—until somehow a British tramp steamer heard of me at one of the trading stations up the coast. She brought down a crew to man and work me home. But my owner could not pay the salvage; so the parties who owned the steamer—a Runcorn firm—paid him fifty pounds and kept me for their services. A surveyor examined me and reported that I should never be fit for much; the explosion had shaken me to pieces. I might do for the coasting trade—that was all; and in that I've remained."

"Owners are rogues for the most part," commented the Danish barkentine, rubbing against the *Touch-me-not's* fenders as if to nudge her. "There's the *Maria Stella Maria* yonder can tell us a tale of the food they store us with. She went through a mutiny once, I've heard."

"I'd rather not talk of it," put in the Italian, hastily, and a shudder ran through her timbers. "It's a dreadful recollection, and I have that by my mizzenmast which all the holy-stone in the world can never scour."

"But I've had a mutiny, too!" said the Dutch galliot, with a voice of great importance; and this time the boy felt sure that the vessels nudged one another.

"It happened," the galliot went on, "between my skipper and his vrau, who was to all purposes our mate, and as good a mate as ever I sailed with. But she would not believe the world was round. The skipper took a Dutch cheese and tried to explain things; he moved the cheese round, as it might be, from west to east and argued and argued, until at last, being a persever-

ing man, he did really persuade her, but it took a whole voyage, and by the time he succeeded we were near home again, and in the North Sea Canal. The moment she was convinced, what must the woman do but go ashore to an aunt of hers who lived at Zaan-dam, and refuse to return on board, though her man went on his bended knees to her. 'I will not,' she said, 'and that's flat, at any rate.' The poor man had to start afresh, undo every one of his arguments and prove the earth flat again before she would trust herself to travel. It cost us a week, but, for my part, I didn't grudge it. Your cliffs and deep-water harbors don't appeal to me. Give me a canal with windmills and summer houses where you can look in on the families drinking tea as you sail by, give me, above all, a canal on Sundays, when the folk walk along the towing path in their best clothes, and you feel as if you were going to church with them."

"Give me, rather," said the Norwegian bark from Christiansund, "a fiord, with forests running straight up to the snow mountains, and water so deep that no ship's anchor can search it."

"I have seen most waters," the Dane announced, calmly and proudly. "As you see, I am very particular about my paint, for a ship ought to keep up her beauty and look as young as she can. But I have an ice-mark around my breast, which is usually taken for a proof of experience; and as a philosopher I say that all waters are tolerable enough if one carries the talisman."

"But can a ship be beautiful?" and, "What is the talisman?" asked the Italian and the Nubian together.

"One at a time, please. My dear"—she addressed the Italian—"the point is that men, whom we serve, think us beautiful indeed. It seems strange to us, who carry the thought of the forests we have left, and on warm days, when the sap awakes in us and tries to climb again, forgetting its weakness, we miss the green boughs and the moss at our feet and the birds overhead. But I have studied my reflection often enough in calm weather, and begin to see what men have in mind when they admire us."



"I have studied my reflection often enough in calm weather."

"And the talisman?" asked the Nubian again.

"The talisman? There is no one cure for useless regret, but each must choose his own. With me it is the thought of the child after whom I was christened. The day they launched me was her first birthday, and she a small thing held in the crook of her mother's arm; when the bottle swung against my stern, the wine spurted, and some drops of it fell on her face. The mother did not see me take the water; she was too busy wiping the drops away. But it was a successful launch, and I have brought the family luck while she has brought them happiness."

"Since you are so fond of children," said the *Touch-me-not*, "tell me what shall we do for the one I have on my deck? He is the small boy who signaled Christmas to us from the garden above; and he dreams of nothing but the sea, though his parents wish him to stick to his books and go to college."

The Dane did not answer for a moment. She was considering. "Wherever he goes," she said at length, "and whatever he does, he will find that to serve much is to renounce much. Let us show him that what is renounced may yet come back in beautiful thoughts."

And it seemed to the boy that, as she ceased, a star dropped out of the sky and poised itself above the fir tree on her mainmast; and that the bare mast beneath it put forth branches, while upon every branch as it spread a globe of fire dropped from the

star, until a gigantic Christmas tree soared from the deck away up to heaven. In the blaze of it the boy saw the miracle run from ship to ship—the timber bursting into leaf with the song of birds and the scent of tropical plants. Across the avenue of teak which had been the Nubian's bulwarks he saw the Dutchman's galley, now a summer house set in parterres of tulips. Beyond it the sails of the *Maria Stella Maris*, shaken from the yards, were piling themselves into snowy mountains, their foot-ropes and braces trailing down and breaking into leaves and clusters of the vine. He heard the murmur of streams flowing, the hum of bees, the whetting of the scythes; even the stir of insects' wings among the grasses. From truck to keelson the ships were wavering, dissolving part from part into remote but unforgotten hiding-places whence the mastering adventurer had torn them to bind and yoke them in service. Divine the service, but immortal also the longing to return! "But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."

The boy heard the words; but before he understood them a hand was on his shoulder and another voice speaking above him.

"God bless us, it's you, is it? Here's a nice tale to tell your father, I must say!" He opened his eyes and above Captain Tangye's shoulder the branches faded, the lights died out, and the masts stood stripped and bare for service against the cold dawn.





"My decision, therefore, is that Miss Waugh shall walk the minuet with Captain Waller, who declares himself her most devoted and obedient."

A LOYAL TRAITOR

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

I.

"NO, no! I was to have the minuet," I protested, laughing.

"The reel, Ric. I vow the minuet was mine," cried Hal, earnestly. "It has been promised me a se'nnight."

"And me as long again," was my quick retort.

"'Twas so long since I had forgot you both," says my lady, demurely.

"Faith, then, we be here to refresh a short memory," said I.

Mistress Peggy laughed at us out of dancing eyes. To how many more she had promised the minuet beside us I know not, but at this moment up came Captain Waller of the Buffs, brilliant in scarlet uniform and gold lace.

"I can't dance it with both, and I'm not sure that I'll dance it with either of you," she said, saucily. "Captain Waller, do you be judge for us. Here have I promised these boys a century ago to walk the minuet with them. Now, with whom shall I go out?"

"Boys!" cried Hal and I together.

"Am I to decide with whom you shall dance it? Shall the decision be final?" he asked, in his slow English drawl.

We nodded assent.

Captain Waller looked from one to the other of us leisurely, almost insolent in the supercilious candor of his smoldering eyes.

"I decide, then, that both claims are outlawed by age, and further that 'twere unjust to favor Mr. Crowther at the expense of Mr. Paget, or *vice versa*. 'Tis then plain that Miss Waugh can dance it with neither of you, but since 'twere shame that others should lose the pleasure of seeing in the minuet the best dancer in the town, I make bold to remind her of a subsequent engagement, one made within the memory of man. My decision, therefore, is that Miss Waugh shall walk the minuet with Captain Waller, who declares himself her most devoted and obedient."

'Tis comical how lads of twenty give way

awkwardly before the easy smile of a man of the world. Now we stood in uneasy embarrassment to let our senior bear away the prize. The captain bowed low to the lady and coolly gave us his shoulder and Miss Peggy his arm. I declare the fellow did it so serenely he fairly took my breath away. No doubt he thought us colonial boobies, and for that matter perhaps we were.

Miss Peggy laughed back over her shoulder at Hal's glum face, and began forthwith to flirt atrociously with the captain. It was very well for me to rally Hal on his graveyard gloom, but I dare say I should have been as dumpish as he if I had been in love with the coquettish little minx. Since I was not in love with her I suspected that 'twas only her way, and that to-morrow the sunshine might fall on Hal Paget as warmly as it did to-day upon the scarlet uniform of the king's officer.

She was but a girl just out of the school-room, and 'tis to be presumed that the child was delighted at her newly-discovered power to make men like her. Naturally, she was flattered at the attentions of the macaroni officers with their dandy airs and graces, their Macklin lace and elegant brocaded ruffles, the neat turn of their compliments and their off-hand reminiscences of duchesses and famous beauties, not one of whom they swore was to be compared with Mistress Peggy. She had a great eagerness for life, and everything as yet was tinged with roseate hue. A score of Peggys were in her to leap up at the notice of a moment. She was ready to cry or laugh with one, as full of play as any kitten and scarce more to be reprehended.

Mistress Peggy did not know it needed but a spark to set the powder ablaze, or she would have been more chary of her mocking coquetry that evening. Like Mr. Waugh, our fathers, too, were Tories, but Hal and I had long since surrendered our hearts at discretion to General Washington and his ragged continentals. Though we still frequented Tory houses occasionally, we chafed sorely at the ties which bound us to inaction and at the daily sneers and innuendoes flung at the suffering patriots by well-fed drawing-room bucks.

I strolled into the card-room for a time, and when I came back some twenty minutes later found Hal in a distant corner still glooming on Captain Waller, who was again dancing with Miss Waugh and seemed vastly amused at the anger of the sulky lad. It struck me as no laughing matter, for I knew

the impulsive spirit of my friend, and I resolved to get him from the room.

As by haphazard, I sauntered over to him and stood yawning by his side. Presently I spoke, just as the dance was ending.

"Come, let us be gone if you have had enough. We have no business here."

He rose sullenly and followed me to the door. Peggy passed us on the arm of Captain Waller, both exhilarated with the dance. There was a divinely piquant tilt to the little nose she turned saucily to us.

"Alackaday! Are you boys leaving so easily? And in the dumps, Hal? Fie, fie!" she chided, merrily.

Nobody likes to be laughed at, and least of all can a high-tempered lad who has been worsted in the contest for a lady's favor endure to have her make mock of him. Hal looked at her in dumb anger and passed out raging. As we descended the stairs I heard the even voice of Miss Peggy, who happened to be at the head of the line, call "Money-musk" for the next dance.

"She doesn't care a rush for me. She laughs at me while I am there and forgets me the moment my back is turned," he cried, passionately.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"A girl's way! You should feel encouraged. She does not take the trouble to laugh at me. Mark my words! She will grow tired of the redcoats one of these days, for Peggy is a thorough little patriot at heart if she only knew it. Heigho! Are you for home?"

"No. I could not sleep. Let us turn in at Watson's for an hour."

We found a place at cards ready for us at the coffee house and played quinze for a time. There was more drinking than there should have been, and by the time a noisy party of officers from the rout broke in on us we were all somewhat excited. There was wine again all around, and then they settled to piquet, loo and quinze. Captain Waller was among those at the next table, very bright-eyed, merry and free of jest. I had still sense enough to know that it was time to leave, but Hal was not to be moved from his place. Much drinking and high play were the order of the night. Indeed, it was one of those mad carnivals of folly into which young men sometimes drift, a time when reckless devilry may carry them to any lengths. I desire to make this clear because I hold the spirit of misrule which prevailed to be responsible for the ending to that night of license. Several of the cooler

heads made their excuses and departed after a time, convinced that affairs had gone far enough, but Hal sat on doggedly—and I, of course, with him.

I spare you the details of those hours of unbridled weakness. At least one of those present has often bitterly regretted his share in it. More than one man lay under the tables asleep in sodden drunkenness. Suffice it to say that the inevitable quarrel flared out suddenly like a rocket. An English officer named Grossmith had cast some slur at the motives of the American leaders. Waller indorsed it carelessly, adding:

"Faith, the colonies would have a King George of their own if by any chance they should win. Were it not for Washington and his ilk the people would submit fast enough."

There was more of this kind of talk—and much worse.

Hal Paget sauntered to the mantel and leaned an elbow on it, then turned to me with a curious smile breaking on his face and spoke quite clearly:

"And as I was saying, Ric, Mr. Pitt made this retort. 'If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, I would never lay down my arms while a foreign troop remained upon the soil—never, never, never!' I dare say the words are not just correct, but you have the sense. Well, I take off my hat to Mr. Pitt as the greatest of living Englishmen."

The drawling, insolent way he said it was a slap in the face to every officer present; also, it was a declaration of independence or of treason according to the point of view. At once I got my feet and joined him, pushing my way through the furious officers. It appeared as if we were all sobered in a moment. Presently Grossmith made himself heard through the tumult.

"A cursed traitor spoke the words in the first place, and another has repeated them," he screamed.

"A question of definitions, sir," I rapped out shortly, for like Hal, I was now past all fear of consequences. "Patriot and traitor—they are the reverse sides of the coin."

"Come, come! This has gone far enough. Stab me, we are none of us quite ourselves to-night. Let us sink our difficulties in a bumper to the King," put in Waller, good-naturedly.

There were objections from several, but the captain prevailed.

The glasses were filled, and we stood waiting for the toast. Before Captain Waller, who chanced to be the senior officer

present, could speak the signal Hal broke out abruptly:

"George Washington—success to him!" and raised the glass to his lips.

Waller struck his arm sharply, spilling the wine, and young Paget tossed the lees in his face. The captain went white with anger in the tense silence that followed, but he very composedly wiped the drops from his face with a handkerchief. When he spoke his voice was quite natural except for a little tremble in it. I knew he was controlling himself by an iron effort of the will.

"By the glove of Helen, the comb of this young cockerel must be cut," he said to his companions, with a strained lightness. And to Hal, "I presume these are the natural manners of a colonial booby, but you must be taught you are with gentlemen now. Among such there is but one answer to what you have just done. Are you prepared to accept it, Mr. Paget?" He spoke with his native drawl slightly exaggerated, but the cold fire in his eyes told another story.

Hal bowed ironically. "With the greatest pleasure in the world."

Waller answered the bow with a grave dignity. "In that case I shall say good-night. Gentlemen, I give you all good-night. I trust this young gentleman's conduct will not be reported outside this room. It smacks vastly of treason, but you will bear it in mind that he is in his cups. I ask the silence of you all as a special favor. Mr. Paget, my friend will wait on you to-morrow."

And with that he was gone. Lieutenant Grossmith went with him, but stopped at the door to snarl, "Damn you—damn you both for a pair of half-fledged rebels, lacking only the courage to be in the camp of the traitor Washington!"

Often I have noticed that if one has on hand an affair of honor the character of one's opponent comes to the surface through all the veneer of civilization. Waller looked every inch the gentleman, but Grossmith—Faugh! 'twas plain he had risen from the ranks. Nor do I defend our own conduct as being in any way correct, though perhaps 'tis some palliation that we were but boys who had not yet learned to hold our liquor like men. Indeed, Waller was the only one of us who came out of the affair that night with credit, and when Hal and I rehearsed the story dimly next morning to each other the thing that galled us both was the fact that we had behaved like



"The glasses were filled, and we stood waiting for the toast. Before Captain Waller, who chanced to be the senior officer present, could speak the signal Hal broke out abruptly: 'George Washington—success to him!'"

yokels and let the English captain carry off the honors.

During the course of the morning Lieutenant Grossmith appeared as the bearer of a cartel from the captain to Hal, who promptly referred him to me. With another kind of second the affair might have been arranged without a meeting, for even under Grossmith's shifty evasions I detected a desire upon the part of his principal to accept some slight apology from Paget in consideration of his youth. But the manner of the lieutenant was so insufferable that my overtures came to naught. At my first hint of an adjustment:

"Oh, of course. Lard, yes! Captain Waller has instructed me to say he will be glad to accept an apology. If he is afraid——"

"Sir, you go too far," I interrupted, haughtily, and gave him the full benefit of my seventy-three inches. "The desire for a compromise comes from me and not from my principal. You will remember that he is only a boy."

"He was old enough to take a cursed lot of treason last night and to insult my friend grossly," the man retorted, with his cold smile.

"If you put it that way I have nothing more to say," I answered, stiffly. "Already I have gone beyond my instructions. Shall we say at four o'clock behind the Charlton Woods?"

"Agreed! And don't forget the doctor, Mr. Crowther." This with the coarse sneer leering evilly across his face, so devilishly insolent that I wrestled with a temptation to thrash the fellow where he stood.

We met at the appointed place and time. After we had arranged the preliminaries the lieutenant proposed that we also take a turn with the small swords to keep out the cold. I accepted promptly, but Waller objected so sharply and was seconded so warmly by Hal that our affair was abandoned.

"By Jove, there is one meeting too many as it stands. I will have no more dragged into the thing," declared the captain, quickly.

Waller engaged reluctantly, Hal with fierce, nervous energy, but 'twas early apparent, as I had expected, that the lad was no match for his opponent at sword-play. I suspected that the English captain could have scored more than once, but he held his hand and fought on the defensive, content to parry the attack. Presently, as Hal continued to press and lunge, either Waller decided that he could not safely hold back any

longer, or the fire of battle crept into his blood, for he began to thrust himself. They went round in a half circle, then back again over the same ground. The play was faster now, and more deadly. Suddenly the captain lunged, missed his man by a hair's breadth, and slipped down on the slippery grass. Hal held back like the gentleman he was, and waited, breathing heavily, for his opponent to rise. The first heat of fight had died out in him, and left him with the chill fear of death in his heart. He was pale to the lips, but he stood up quietly in readiness for the renewed attack. He must have known that it was only a question of time till the Englishman would strike home. Stepping forward, I suggested that the fight be declared closed. Each had done all that was necessary under the circumstances.

Captain Waller hesitated. Perhaps he read aright and was moved by the gallant bearing of the lad whose eyes unconsciously pleaded with him to agree with me. On the other hand, he was hot with anger. This colonial youth had flouted him, had struck him, and now by cursed luck had found the chance to spare his life. I think the temptation was strong in him to show it was but a chance.

Lieutenant Grossmith laughed. "You are rather young, Mr. Crowther, to affairs of honor. If you remember, there was a blow, and I have neither seen blood nor heard an apology."

Hal flushed at the implication in the fellow's manner, and cried, sternly, "On guard, Captain Waller!"

They fell to it again. The end came shortly. Hal missed a thrust in tierce, and before he could recover Waller pinked him. He stood a moment quite still with his sword raised, whirled round on his heel, and sank into my arms. At the same moment I heard horses galloping through the timber, but was too busy even to wonder who it might be. I tore open the stained cambric shirt, and the doctor dressed the wound. Upon examination he pronounced it an ugly cut, serious enough, but not necessarily dangerous.

Then some one flashed past me, and I turned to see Mistress Peggy Waugh, white as death, plump down on her knees beside Hal.

"You poor boy! You poor boy! Oh, have they murdered you, Hal?"

He opened his eyes, smiled faintly, and tried to take her hand to his lips.

It appeared that somebody had blabbed

to young Waugh about the impending duel, and he had chanced to mention it to his sister, who had straightway in her imperious manner made him bring her to the place.

While we waited for the carriage to take Hal home, Captain Waller came forward in embarrassment to make his explanation of the facts.

She cut him short. "I do not care to hear about it, sir. Murder is a name good enough for it. I care not what you call it."

The English captain flushed to the roots of his hair.

"I beg you to believe there was no foul blow struck, Miss Waugh."

"Foul blow! Was he not a boy, and you trained to arms? Do not speak to me, sir. I shall hate you always if—if you have killed him."

"You are unjust, Miss Waugh," the captain answered, sturdily. "I shall leave it with Mr. Crowther to inform you that this was none of my seeking. He forced it on me. No one can regret it more than I."

I assured her that the captain did himself but bare justice.

Hal opened his eyes to corroborate me. "It's all right, Peggy. Captain Waller is quite blameless. I brought it on myself, and"—with a feeble little laugh—"I am not going to die this time."

He did not. The wound healed nicely, and six weeks later we slipped through the British lines and joined the army of General Washington.

II.

As we passed down to the water-front two soldiers crossed our path, between them lagging a British soldier in ragged regimentals. Peggy looked at me inquiringly.

"There was a jail-break last night from the military prison," I explained. "Two officers and some privates overpowered the guard and scattered through the town. The thing was daringly conceived, even to the point of madness. I suppose they have just caught this fellow and are taking him back."

During the past month the British had evacuated the city and we had moved in to take possession after a trying year in the field. There had been heavy casualties among our line officers in the last twelve months, and in consequence both Hal and I had won our commissions. After the hardships of active service we were all glad to get back to the comforts and gayety of city life, and of the whole army none, I vow,

was more eager to sandwich duty with pleasure than Hal Paget and Ric Crowther. It chanced that one of the fashionable diversions of the season was haddock fishing. 'Twas the wont of society, ever on the search for a new amusement, to hire the dories of fishermen and make a play of their rough life. This morning we three were bound on an adventure of the kind.

"Slidikins!" I exclaimed, as I trod my way gingerly along the bottom of the swaying boat. "Old Zeb has left enough of his nets to ballast a three-decker. Shall I toss some of them to the landing?"

"No. Let be! They will do to spread along the bottom to keep Peggy's feet from getting wet. Just lay that basket over here, Caesar!" commanded Hal.

Yet a short while and we were away, leaving the negro Caesar to grin farewells at us from the wharf. Hal swung out the sail, and we careened merrily seaward. 'Twas a morning to make glad the heart of youth, and we three for the time knew not a care in all the world. Hal forgot that his was an unrequited love, and Mistress Peggy the existence of love-sick swains. Revolutions and battles and heartaches were washed from our minds by the fresh breeze, and in memory we spanned the years that separated us from the days when we had been children together. Careless youth bubbled up and exulted in us.

While I was arranging some tackle the knife slipped from my hand into the meshes of the net at my feet. I groped for it a moment, then tossed aside the thick folds of netting in my search. Peggy gave a little scream, and I confess to being startled myself—for I had uncovered a man's foot.

I dragged the fishing gear aside and from under a tarpaulin uprose the figure of a man in the uniform of a British officer. Dirty, unshaven, unkempt, one mud stain from head to foot, with the hectic flush of fever in his face, there confronted us, with the best bow in his repertory, a shadow of our former well-groomed acquaintance, Captain Waller. We stared at him in a long silence. Chagrin did not speak on his face, though no doubt it was lurking in his heart. He sat down on the nets with the greatest assurance in the world. Indeed, we were the ones who looked foolish, much as urchins do when caught by the master in some prank at school, though I swear the cause of embarrassment was his rather than ours.

"Delighted to meet you again, Miss Peggy, though I fear the manner of my

announcement is something unexpected. Believe me, I regret to intrude on a private party. Say the word and I shall step overboard. I confess myself an uninvited guest," he concluded, merrily.

"Captain Waller!" I cried. "Zounds, man! What are you doing here?"

"Egad, a pertinent question, Mr. Crowther! To say truth, I have been playing hide-and-seek with some fellow rebels of yours. I find them keen to follow a trail."

"But here—in the city—what business have you here?" I asked, still in the dark.

"None in the world, sir," he answered, promptly. "Unfortunately, I have been unable to persuade your friends of that, but last night I made shift to take French leave. It appears, however, that I am destined still to remain a guest of the Americans. Your hospitality is not to be denied."

"A spy!" Peggy framed the words with her white lips, but Paget answered her quickly in a low voice, "No, no! He must be one of those who escaped last night from the military prison. I did not even know he was a prisoner."

"You do not happen to have anything to eat with you, do you?" asked the captain, with a glance at the hamper. "I have not broken fast since yesternoon, and there is that within me doth protest."

We handed him some chicken sandwiches and poured a cup of wine.

"I give you health, long life and happiness, Miss Waugh," he said, gallantly, and tossed off the wine.

But of the sandwiches he made poor work.

"I'm not quite strong," he explained, jauntily. "I suppose the prison air has taken my appetite. I had a wound which did not heal well."

In truth, the man was manifestly ill. The grisly hand of Death was reaching out for him, and nobody knew it better than Captain Waller himself. Possibly he might yet be saved by good nursing and the best of treatment, but if he should be recaptured they might order his coffin and be done with it. Yet he fronted with the impassive fearlessness of his class and race whatever of ill his fortune might hold for him. I saw Hal's eyes shine brightly on him. He was a man of the same temper himself, and he knew how to appreciate a gallant foeman.

"By God, Captain Waller, I think you have not been well treated. This shall be looked into. Why were you not in the hospital?" he cries, warmly.

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders. "I have nothing of which to complain, sir. The hospitals were full of sick and wounded. When there came a vacancy there were always those who needed to go more than I. 'Twas no reason why I should take precedence because I chance to wear the shoulder bars. They were for sending me. The doctor would, and I wouldn't. The more obstinate of the two had his way, i' faith. No, no! Your prisons are all one could ask under the circumstances."

Whereupon my lady Peggy leans forward with kindling eyes, and says, impulsively, "We understand, Captain Waller. 'Twas all obstinacy, was it not? You had the megrims, but of course you were not really ill. Lard, no! Oh, a touch of prison fever, mayhap. Nothing more! Sir, y'are a fraud. We see through you. 'Tis what we rebels call heroic, this obstinacy of yours."

The captain blushed like a lad, and Miss Peggy, grown suddenly self-conscious, drew back in confusion with the dye flooding her cheeks. She was ever one to speak what might be in her heart and to scourge herself afterwards for her frankness.

Quite plainly her heart went out to the Englishman on this occasion. There was something both captivating and pathetic about the gayety which sat so oddly on him, so strikingly incongruous with the transparent, blue-veined hands and the burning eyes set deep in the cadaverous face. She arranged him a couch in the bottom of the boat where he might lie at ease, and waited on him with a pretty concern that must have been balm to the spirit of the officer hungering greatly for sympathy. He accepted the position of invalid with a little humorous, shame-faced laugh at us, but I never doubted he found healing in the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand.

As for Master Hal, he behaved perfectly. I had an odd notion that he was on trial before the tribunal of Miss Waugh's judgment, not consciously, perhaps, but by some process of involuntary instinct, rather. I found her looking reflectively at him more than once, and I remember thinking what a strange chance it would be if the appearance of the man he deemed his rival should mark the occasion of his triumph. Certainly Hal was rising to the situation splendidly, and I trusted Mistress Peggy to appreciate it.

"I shall remember this always as one day of paradise," the captain told us. "But may I ask where we are bound for, Lieutenant

Paget? We are still driving out to sea, and my remembrance places the rebel prison on shore."

"Are you so anxious, then, to get back there?" asked Hal, with a strange smile.

"Not at all. I am quite at your service, and await your convenience," Waller answered, politely and indifferently. From his manner one would never have guessed that he had found the prison a living death.

To Paget we seemed to have given up the direction of affairs by common consent, and that young man kept us still head out from shore. The black hulls of the British fleet loomed nearer. I looked at Peggy. She turned to me at the same instant with happy, understanding eyes. The English officer lay with his face toward the shore unconscious of the proximity of the fleet.

Presently a shot plumped into the water some fifty yards to the left. There was a second puff of smoke from the side of the nearest ship, followed by another splash and a sullen roar. Paget waved a white handkerchief. The captain got to a sitting posture and looked around toward the fleet. Next instant he wheeled on Paget, eagerly, inquiringly, with an unspoken question staring out of his eyes.

The fresh wind sent us cutting through the waves with a rush, and in ten minutes more we drew up under the shadow of a man-of-war.

"I have an English officer here for you," explained Hal, briefly, to the middy who

came to the ship's side. "He escaped from prison last night."

Captain Waller brushed aside the hot tears which scalded to his eyes. He murmured something apologetically about the fever having taken the pluck out of him. Peggy was openly crying like a child, disdaining any attempt at concealment. The Englishman wrung our hands in a silence that meant more than words. To Paget he gulped out:

"I can't say what I want to say, Mr. Paget. You'll have to take my thanks on faith. You saved my life once before, and I nearly killed you for it. I've always felt like a cur about that. Now you give me more than life, you know. I won't forget it till I die, that's all I can say."

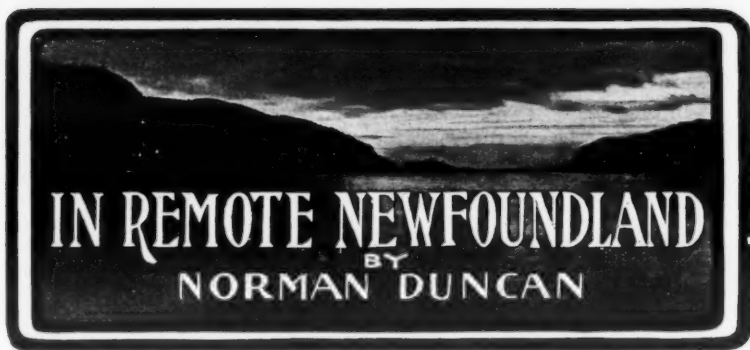
The last time I saw Captain Waller he was waving a handkerchief to us from the deck of the *H. M. S. Thunderer*. However, I have often heard from him since. Only last week there came to me from Sussex a drawing of his two elder sons, Hal and Richard. In the eyes there is a look of their father that promises well for the future. We did not make a very merry party on the homeward way to the city lamps, for night had fallen long ere we reached land, but perhaps we made up in happiness for what we lacked in animation. I sat alone at one end of the boat, and they in the darkness at the other. But when we came under the shine of the lights I did not need any words to tell me that Hal had come to his own at last.

IN DECEMBER

By HATTIE WHITNEY

From the cold gray of morning's frosty edge
To evening's rim, obscured by whirling sleet,
The rough winds shake the stiff and rusted sedge
Until its points the dusky waters meet
With shrill, wet whispers, where the shore slants low,
Like ghosts of kisses only June could know.

As far as blooming of the damask rose
And daisies on the hillside are from these—
The muffling fog, the blank of uncrushed snows,
And hailstones beating through the sodden trees,
So far are we apart, my love, and yet,
The spring is coming—let us not forget.



Exploits Harbor—Looking to the Sea.

[T is still a matter of poignant regret with me that I chanced to step on old Saul Mills' field of wheat. It was so appealingly tiny and tender—so frail and lonely, but stout-hearted, withal—so defenseless against the invasion of an alien boot—that the deed, inadvertent though it was, seems now to have been a ruthless crime against the few pounds of soil which had labored for a season to bring forth this scrawny offspring. It was not to be expected that this boggy, shrubby waste could produce a field of wheat. But that was small excuse for the devastation my boot had wrought, and no comfort at all. I was impelled to stoop to raise the bruised stalks—much, as, indeed, you pause to lift a gutter-child to his feet, with tender words, when, passing in haste, you have by chance trampled him under foot. Some of them bravely held their heads high again, and some clung desperately to their fellows for support, as a wounded man might throw his arm over the shoulder of his comrade; but most fell back to earth, dead.

"'Tis no use, sir," said Saul, somewhat reproachfully. I thought. "'Twould 'a' been a bushel, sir, that field, had you not stepped on it. Leave us take after the deer again. But watch where you puts your foot down, sir, for they's another patch o' wheat somewheres handy to us."

It was a Beothuk Indian legend that when God had made the world he swept the universe of the refuse and cast it into the sea; and when the white men came from the rising place of the sun they called the heap Newfoundland, and chose it for a dwelling place. It may be so. In its remoter parts

Newfoundland might easily be taken for the leavings and rejected materials of the work of creation, there cast away. It is as fertile as an ash heap; which, moreover, it resembles in that it contains scraps of everything which entered into the making of the world—iron, copper, coal, gold and all the other treasures under the ground. The interior is a soggy, rock-strewn barren, an interminably vast waste, where not so much as a shrub is to be seen, and no man chooses to live. Stunted forests fringe the coast, a skinny growth of pine and spruce and birch, through which you may walk miles in vain search for a schooner's spar. The shore line is rock, in some places swept, by flood and fire, bare of all soil—grim, naked rock. To many a Newfoundlander a sandy beach would be as great a wonder as a horse.

"An' you may say what you pleases," said a woman of the northeast coast, notwithstanding, "but Round 'Arbor's good enough for me. They do say, them that's been there, that 'tis wonderful crowded at Twillingate, an' that the smoke t' St. Johns is something barb'rous."

It wrings the heart of a man from a fertile place to observe with what a depth of tenderness the soil of these remote parts is cultivated. To him, used to the sight of large rewards, the labor seems futile and tragic. He looks upon the fisherman-farmer as some old paddle-punt hand might look upon an inlander who set out to catch a whale with a bent pin and a spool of thread. Not only the graveyards but the gardens are made by hand. The soil is gathered here and there and everywhere, scraped from the

rocks, and dumped, year by year, in some sheltered place, until the new land is ready for the seed. It took twenty years to make the little garden where Aunt Phoebe's black currant bushes and roses marvelously prolong a starved existence. Past generations made the meadow at Exploits from which the men of to-day reap their pounds of hay and gather their quarts of potatoes. Moreover, many a Fogo garden once blossomed in England. Not long ago soil was imported and sold by weight. English gardens were shipped to Newfoundland in the holds of vessels bound out for dried fish.

"Be you from New York, as they says, sir?" a man asked me in a small harbor of White Bay. Affirmatively answered, he continued: "Woan't you come out t' my garden, sir? 'Tis some queer things I've growin' there. An' 'tis English soil, sir, they thinks, an' they be doin' well. 'Twould do your heart good t' see um."

This was Tom Butts, whose son had sent him a package of assorted seeds from Maine. Unhappily for Tom, the letter had been lost in the mails; nor was there a label on a single package.

"What be that, sir?" said he, pointing to a haggard growth of stalks.

"Corn," said I.

"Now, is un?" said he, stroking his beard and smiling in an intensely gratified way.

what they calls carrots. 'Tis a to-ma-to, you says; an' 'tis what I thought was carrots. Well, well! Would you think o' that!"

Tom Butts was eager to rid himself of the burden of wonder which had so long op-



The Coast—Where the "Rescue" Went Ashore.

pressed him—tremulously eager. He had planted in wonder, and waited in wonder, and tended in wonder. But he was too polite or too cautious to be precipitate. The stranger must not be offended, must not be frightened away—this stranger who had at last come to satisfy his heart's yearnings.

"This," he said, stooping to caress a small green plant, "is what I calls real cabbage."

"'Tis cabbage," said I.

"Now, is un?" Tom burst out, his face radiant. "Sure, I guessed the right, didn't I? But they be a queer, queer thing t'other side o' the 'taters. Take a look at un, sir. 'Tis like you never seed such a thing afore. Aft o' the 'taters, sir. Sure, 'tis that."

It was a pumpkin vine, all run to leaf; and it bore one broad yellow blossom, which was then wilting without promise of fruition.

"'Tis but a flower, I think, sir," said Tom. "'Tis nothing to eat, whatever."

"'Tis a pumpkin," said I.

Tom looked up quickly. "Be you sure," said he, "that you knows un? 'Tis like,"



The Meadow—Made by Other Generations and Owned by Many Men.

"Sure. I've long wanted to know. So, he be carn, eh? Hem-m-m! Does you know what that is in the carner?"

"'Tis a tomato plant," said I.

"Now, is un?" said he. "I thought 'twas



Home from "The Grounds."

have a glass o' goat's milk, sir? No? Good-even, sir. 'Tis a fine garden, this—now, ben't un?"

"'Tis a fine garden, sir," said I; for, as I looked into his glowing face, I had no heart to call his child a cripple, even though she were one, when she was all fair and glorious in his sight.

It is probable that no English-speaking people is at this time so utterly isolated from all the things of advanced civilization as the folk who fish from the little harbors which lie along that stretch of the east coast between Cape John on the south and the Straits of Belle Isle on the north. There are no roads, no paths, leading from harbor to harbor. The land is a wilderness, dense, trackless, infested with black flies and mosquitoes, which brave men dare not challenge for many days in hot weather, for fear of their lives. Shore fishermen would rather take their little punts through forty miles of tossing sea than suffer the fatigue and terrors of a two-mile tramp inland. Communication, indeed, is only by punt and skiff; and so rarely do the people go from place to place that a woman, who went from home with her husband to settle in a harbor five miles distant, did not see her relatives again for fifteen years. Moreover, the mail steamer touches at but two of the more important settlements, and that only at fortnightly intervals in June, July and August. The news of the world, in

he went on, doubtfully, "they grows in the gardens t' New York? Well, maybe, 'tis a pumpkin, if you says so. I hearn tell o' they things. Woan't you

distorted form, is passed along by word of mouth, long after it has ceased to be acutely interesting to the people of more favored lands.

"'Tis said," said an old man of Round Harbor, who had heard of the first British defeats in South Africa, "that the English do be beaten. Do the Boers be after capturing St. Johns yet? Do they be fighting there, tell me?"

One meets such absurd misconceptions upon every hand. To many of the men of that coast, the world, which is flat and almost circumscribed by the horizon, is a world of sea and rocks and punts and fish. Their imagination carries them no farther, and they come into touch with the things of other places so rarely that they cannot comprehend the information which the new and passing association has brought to them.

"Does they catch fish with squid or caplin for bait in New York 'arbor?"

was a boy's question at Englee.

An attempt to describe a circus to this lad, a few moments later, had to be abandoned. It would have



Aunt Mary and Her Back Yard of Bare Rocks.



Fisher Boy.

taken the whole afternoon to define the terms. What was sawdust? What was a tent? What did a horse look like? What was a uniform? What was a spring-board? What was an acrobat? What was a band? What was



Uncle Simon on the Flake.

a horn? Was it like the bait-skiff conch? What was a drum? What was a chariot? What was a procession? What was a peanut? As for clowns, lemonade, elephants—these were incomprehensible. Questions, politely put, interrupted every sentence. The lad was soon in a maze out of which he could not be led. The attempt had, indeed, to be abandoned. But the writer did succeed in describing a brick, a sidewalk and a plow. When it came, however, in the evening, to helping the lad's mother to an understanding of the lives of the women of New York, he was overwhelmed.

"They tells me," she said, "that the women up there do be good hand t' split fish. Now, how many quintal can they do in a day?"

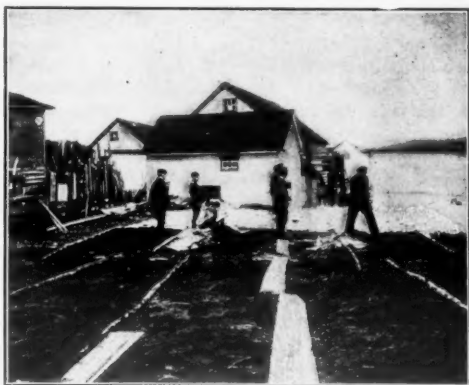
She did not doubt that she could split more than any of them, and she was proud that she could.

"My daughter Maria," she went on, as if in challenge, "can lift a barrel of flour."

Maria, a muscular young woman of eighteen, with dark hair, large blue eyes and a fine pink and white complexion, blushed and admitted that she could. She had rowed the punt twelve miles that morning, she said, and could sail it in a gale like a man.

"That she can, sir," said her father. "She can sail it so well as me."

Such ignorance and misconception as this described, is, of course, not universal; but it crops out everywhere, and it is hardly to be wondered at. The Newfoundland fishing harbor, in remote places, is one of the many small settlements which dot the coast at intervals of thirty or forty miles. There are not more than six hundred souls in the village—it may be, not more than thirty. Every summer's day all the men and all the lads go out to fish. It is fish, fish, fish—nothing but fish, everywhere. The houses are built where the fish can be most conveniently handled. They are whitewashed frame cottages set on spiles near the water's edge, and the stages, where the



Spreading Fish on the Flake to Dry.



The Garden That Aunt Phoebe Made.



The Crew of a Labrador Schooner. The Woman is the Cook.

fish are split and salted, and the flakes, where they are dried in the sun, stand near. There is no arrangement of dwelling places; there are no streets. As an old Scotsman said, the villages "look as if they had been pree-cep-i-tated in a thunder shower." There are no stores, no hotels, no public

went 'round asking people if they took un. Suppose I comes t' you an' says, 'Did you take un?' What could you do? I'd have you then, sure."

"Oh, that's simple. I'd say no."

"Oh," he cried, in horror, "but that would be a lie!"



An Old South Coast Cottage.

buildings, unless, indeed, the church and school-house may be classed as such. There is no municipal government, no police protection, and there are no public works of any description. No one lives save by fish; no one goes away, no one comes but the trader who is seeking to exchange his merchandise for salt fish. All the things of life are reduced to the dead level of fish.

Simple honesty is one of the striking characteristics of the people—that piety and honesty which accompany an austere religion. Doors are not locked; property lies exposed everywhere; no watch is kept on the fish when they lie drying on the flakes. No man takes advantage of his neighbor, no man quarrels with his brother, no man appeals to the law, nobody is arrested.

"If you leave these lying here," said the writer to a man of Birchy Bay, pointing to a magnificent set of caribou antlers, "you'll lose them. These can be sold, you know."

"An' who'd take them, sure?" said Jonathan.

"Well, I might."

"But that would be stealing," he exclaimed.

"But you would never know that I was the thief."

"Suppose," said he, cunningly, "that I

A pious folk, these Newfoundlanders, in an uncompromising, unreasoning way. The desecration of the Sabbath is regarded as one of the most heinous of sins. Many a man takes his nets in of a Saturday night rather than "let them work on Sunday." The writer heard a long and earnest argument on the question of whether or not it was wicked to make use of fish which had chanced to be meshed before twelve o'clock of a Sunday night. The prevailing opinion, during this "spurt of religion," was with the upholders of the affirmative. Within the knowledge of the writer, a fisherman of Green Bay liberated ten quintals of cod, worth \$4.20 a quintal, which had got in the trap on Sunday. Another let the ice utterly destroy his nets—his whole fortune—rather than desecrate the Sabbath by putting out in his punt to save them, which he might easily have done. Few skippers will take their schooners to sea on Saturday, though the wind be fair, if it appears that they must sail on Sunday to reach their destination; and many a one has whistled vainly for a fair wind on Monday morning, in consequence.

The folk are so susceptible to exhortation that, at all times, they give themselves completely into the hands of the preacher.

"Let us praise the Lord!" an evangelist

cried to the men who were building a schooner at Burnt Bay.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the reply.

The men threw down their tools then and there. The master-builder led in prayer and praise. No work was done that morning. Every duty was forgotten in that supreme one of praising the Lord. All morning long hymns of praise re-echoed through the bay.

"Thank God," said the evangelist, "for this manifestation of religion, pure and undefiled!"

The hospitality of the people is of a fine, simple kind. You are received with great heartiness, provided with the best the cottage contains, invited to family prayer at night and wished a pleasant God-speed when you set out on your journey in the morning. If you are well-to-do, you yourself fix the compensation, which may be nothing or much, as you see fit; if you are poor, nothing is expected or desired from you. It may be that you have to sleep on the floor, it may be that you have to eat "bruise" (soaked hard bread) and salt cod; but whatever entertainment falls to your lot, good-will goes with it—the finest of sauces. If the head of the house believes you to be a sinful man, he may do his best, in a friendly way, to convert you; every word coming



Trial Trip of the "Lady Roberts."



earnestly from a heart which desires only your welfare. It is the way of this simple, God-fearing people. And in their sight, one man is "as good as another." They do not seem to know that there is such a thing in the world as social distinction.

When the Governor of Newfoundland, Sir Henry McCallum, K. C. M.

The Punt—It is in Such Craft That Shore Fishermen Spend Their Days.



A Trading Schooner at Anchor.

G., went ashore at a small harbor of the east coast, he was met at the landing place by a grizzled old fisherman, who sought to make the stranger welcome, whoever he might be.

"Be you comin' ashore, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Governor.

"Be you here about the ile (seal oil)?" the fisherman pursued.

"No," said the Governor.

"Be you one o' Sam Lewis' men from Red Bay, sir, come about the timber?"

"I am the Governor of Newfoundland," Sir Henry announced with some show of dignity.

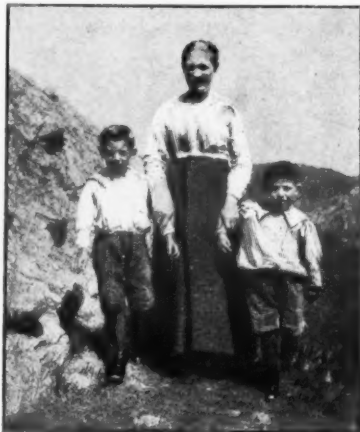
"Be you, now?" said the fisherman, with a friendly offer of his hand. "Well, 'tis a mighty good job—if you can hold it. An' I hopes you will. Would you like a cup o' tea, sir?"

Unceasing conflict with the sea has developed a

sturdy, stoical race. The West of England men who first ventured to settle on this coast have transmitted stout hearts to their posterity—a blue-eyed, fair-haired, mighty race. The perils of their calling are great, the hardships greater, and the compensation for all is no more than the barest of livings. Gales and cold and high seas have made the folk so hardy that they survive the deprivation which numerous famines bring. Moreover, the fight has given the men a fine fearlessness and a contempt for physical suffering. When Josiah Anderson had his leg amputated by a home-made doctor in a certain settlement, no chloroform was administered. "No," said Josiah, "sure 'tis nothin' at all." He asked that a pipe be given him. He filled it calmly, set it going and remarked, "Now, go ahead!" The doctor proceeded with the work. Josiah smoked. Now and again he inquired of a friend, "Is un off yet?" He did not lose consciousness, did not complain; and when the operation was over he ejaculated simply, "Huh!"

"You've plenty o' nerve, b'y," said the doctor.

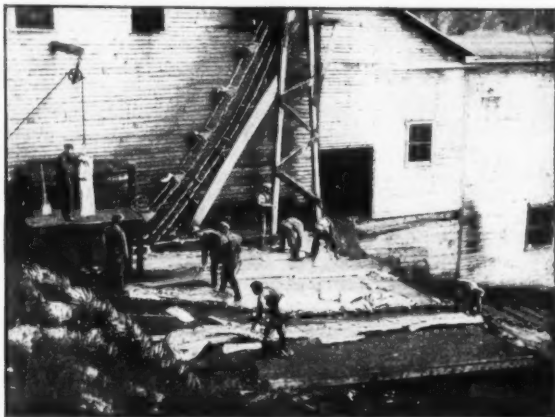
"Sure, sir," said Josiah's friend, "he do be a fisherman. He could stand it t' be cut up for bait—an' never a whimper from un."



Aunt Mary and Her Favorites.

The lack of physicians is one of the horrors of the isolation in which the Newfoundlanders of this coast live. There is none within fifty miles of most harbors; none within reaching distance of many. It is related of a well-to-do fisherman, who was something of a merchant, that his wife, whom he fondly loved, lay in agony for many days, while an autumn gale raged. No man in the harbor would put off in a skiff to fetch the nearest physician, who lived fifteen miles down the coast; for there was no possibility that he who ventured could survive.

On the fourth day the wind moderated. Two men volunteered to accompany Allerton. They set sail in the first hours of a snow storm, which abated, however, before they reached their destination. Fighting doggedly, they took the boat safely in, after indescribable hardship and through ever-



At a Whaling Station.

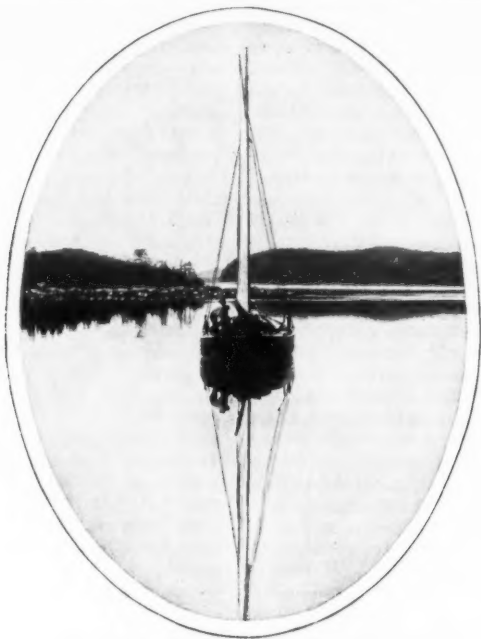
present danger. The gale had gone down when they knocked on the physician's door. A heavy sea was running, but the danger of wreck on the return voyage was quickly passing.

"What's the matter with the woman?" the physician asked.

He was informed.

The husband minutely described his wife's

Bleak, barren, cruel as the upper Newfoundland coast may be, it is to be regarded from two points of view. To him who lives there, and takes his living from the sea, it is a hard mother. But to the man who passes from harbor to harbor, or takes up his abode in some sheltered place for a season, it is not to be surpassed in the varied delights it holds. In summer time



At Anchor in a Quiet Bay Harbor.

agony. Then he offered what amounted almost to half his fortune as a fee.

"I'll take that," said the doctor, "if you fetch her here. Go back and get her, and I'll attend to the case."

"In an open boat!" the husband exclaimed. He pointed out that his wife's condition put such an arrangement beyond the bounds of reason.

"Well, I can't do anything," said the physician. "If you bring her over I'll attend to her."

When the husband got back to his home the child had been born; but the woman died the next day.

the weather is quiet, the sunlight is cool, the air is clean and fresh from the sea. A sunny place on the headlands in August is a place long to be remembered for the pure delight of it. Dawns and flaming sunsets and sunny noons—these cannot be forgotten. Smiling faces on every side, hearty words sounding always, good wishes—these are even more to be desired by some men, and are never lacking. It will not be long before the islands of the lower bays are found out by the men who go away for rest—for nothing but rest. Rest abides in these places. Rest and new courage are there—for the looker-on.

THE OPENING OF THE OPERA HOUSE

By GEORGE H. BRENNAN

DAN DARNOLD, who went to the town of Fort Benson, Nebraska, ahead of the show, sent back to me glowing predictions of what would happen when we arrived to open the new "Opry" House. Coming from Darnold, the rosy forecast was accepted as entirely worthy of credence, for the advance representative of the Rupert Steelson Company was ordinarily a cold-blooded individual, rarely venturing a prophecy.

"This town," Darnold wrote, "is simply crazy over its new theatre. In my humble judgment, the day of the dedication will cause Fourth of July and Christmas to look like plugged quarters. They are making a hero out of me and I am only the agent of the troupe. They won't do a solitary thing to Mr. Steelson."

Mr. Steelson was the star of the company. Being a very conspicuous light in stardom, and accustomed to twinkle almost exclusively for the delectation of audiences in large cities, it had required considerable persuasion and a large money guarantee to induce him to go to Fort Benson.

As his manager, it was my privilege to sit in the seat with him on the train, while the other members of the organization, after the fashion of theatrical companies, took a whole seat each for personal use, and the remaining vacant places in the car for the accommodation of their belongings. Having thus secured possession of the entire coach by the right of eminent domain, we commenced our journey.

The run was only a few hours in length. The distinguished star who honored me by his proximity divided the time between short naps and longer questions regarding the town we were traveling to, and the celebration that had been planned. I had received much information from Darnold and was able to answer most of his queries. The place, I explained to him, was named Fort Benson presumably because never in its entire history had it contained a fortified affair of any sort. Its founders showed the same tendency toward misnomer as the original inhabitants of the town of Lakeville

in an adjoining state, which could not boast of a lake for a radius of fifty miles.

Reverting to the dedication of the new theatre, I informed Mr. Steelson that the promoter and owner of the playhouse was the principal man of the town who had grown wealthy by paying small wages to his townspeople, nearly all of whom worked in his factories. For some mysterious reason, he had long been considered a public benefactor, and now that he had built a theatre which would enable him to increase his means at the further expense of his employees, he was venerated as an idol. His name was Colonel John Phoenix Edlinger.

"What's that?" broke in the distinguished star. "Tell me his name again."

I did so.

"Colonel John Phoenix Edlinger," echoed Mr. Steelson. "I must remember the name. I may be called on for a speech. Colonel—John—Phoenix—Edlinger," he repeated, dwelling with emphasis on each word. "It's a hard name to fasten in my memory. Why wasn't it John Jones?"

He continued the repetition first in audible tones and afterwards in low, incoherent murmurs, until he fell into another doze, which lasted until the train halted at Fort Benson.

If any doubt existed in our minds relative to the extent of the town's enthusiasm it was dispelled by the sight of hundreds of Fort Bensonians, who swarmed about the little depot. They gave three vociferous cheers as the cars stopped, while the local band, stationed at the end of the platform, struck up "Hail to the Chief!"

"Really," said Mr. Steelson, waking from his nap and looking out at the crowd, "this is positively more than I expected. Perhaps they'll want me to make a speech now. What did you say that man's name was—Colonel John—Phoenix—?"

His endeavor to recall the name was interrupted by the sudden entrance into our car of a delegation of excited townspeople. They were headed by a wild-eyed, flushed-cheeked youth of twenty-one or two who panted for breath as he yelled out, "Which is Rupert Steelson?"

I stepped forward, introduced myself as the star's manager, and led the young man to Mr. Steelson's seat.

"How are you, Mr. Steelson," he blurted out. "My name's Lieutenant Edlinger. I'm Colonel Edlinger's son. They sent me down to bring you up to our house. They want you to stop there while you're in town."

His use of the plural pronoun inclined me to suspect that his paternal parent did not monopolize the domestic prerogatives, and later when I met the maternal end of the Edlinger household this suspicion merged into a firm belief.

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Steelson, replying to the invitation, "but I must ask you to excuse me. I am not feeling very well, and, besides, arrangements have already been made for me at the hotel."

Neither of these reasons had the slightest foundation in fact. Several years previously he had formed a resolve never to accept offers of hospitality such as the Edlingers extended.

"I used to do so once in a while," he confided to me, "but, bless you, it would have killed me if I kept it up. Instead of being entertained I had to do all the entertaining."

Lieutenant Edlinger unsuccessfully tried his powers of persuasion on Mr. Steelson. Finally the young man turned to me.

"What's your name?" he demanded, with an abruptness that would have astonished me anywhere outside of Fort Benson. I gave him the information, though only a few minutes had elapsed since I introduced myself to him.

"Oh, that's it, is it," he said. "Well, now, you must make him go with me up to the house. He'll do as you say. You're his manager."

I did not have leisure to explain to the lieutenant the difference between managing a dramatic star and a trained bear, so I simply assured him it would be impossible for his invitation to be accepted.

"Then at least you'll let me drive you both to the hotel," persisted the irrepressible youth. This request was acceded to. We left the train and climbed into the high, two-seated open carriage to which the lieutenant escorted us. The ride to the hotel would have lasted only half a minute if we went directly there, for it was located just around the corner from the depot. Young Edlinger, who proudly held the reins in the front seat while the star and I sat meekly behind him, followed a roundabout course

through the principal streets to give the trip the appearance of a triumphal parade. It was easy to see that Fort Benson was expecting Mr. Steelson. Business of the town was suspended; the entire population was in the streets. Adults stood in groups on the sidewalks. The juvenile contingent acted as a bodyguard for our carriage, and the town band formed a tuneful rearguard for the procession. Mr. Steelson's countenance wore one of his choicest stage smiles, though at heart he was bored.

"Will we ever get to the hotel?" he whispered to me.

When the street exhibition was finished he asked the hotel clerk to be shown to his room at once. I accompanied him and remained while he took off his clothes, donned his pajamas and stretched himself on the bed.

"I hope there won't be any more racket till night," he remarked, with a sigh of relief, "for now I feel thoroughly comfortable." His appearance did not belie his feelings. He furnished a picturesque illustration of genuine comfort as he reclined on the old-fashioned bed, his blue pajamas forming a striking contrast to the red coverlet, while his little bald head scarcely made a dent in the hard pillow. Lighting a cigar, he blew strong puffs of smoke toward the ceiling as if trying to pierce the cracks in the plastering. I was about to withdraw from that scene of contentment when a loud knock on the door was heard. The next second a half drunk, stumpy individual launched himself unceremoniously into the room.

"Ah, Rupe," he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the pajama-clad figure. "My old friend 'Rupe'! Don't you remember Aby Klein, who worked with you in stock in Baltimore thirty years ago?"

If Mr. Steelson had forgotten he certainly did not strain his memory by attempting to recall him. The familiar use of the star's first name failed to prepossess the intruder in Mr. Steelson's favor. No one, to my knowledge, had ever presumed to take this liberty, and I could hardly credit my sense of hearing when the utterly undignified appellation of "Rupe" fell from the lips of our visitor. It savored strongly of the sacrilegious. Aby did not so regard it.

"You'll remember me all right, Rupe, when you get time to think," he said, reassuringly. "Why, I handled props the night you first appeared in 'Blue-Eyed Nelly.'"

At his mention of the comedy which was always a source of pride to Mr. Steelson that eminent artist relaxed his features a little and arose from the bed to greet his old associate.

"Ah, I thought you'd remember me, Rupe, old chap," cried Aby, giving the great actor a heavy slap on the back that nearly knocked him over. "What a night we'd have all together here if poor old Jim Adams was alive!"

The stumpy individual tried to keep old Jim's memory green by watering it with a tear or two, and then proceeded to relate a rambling story of his own experiences up to his present engagement as property man in the new Opry House in Fort Benson.

"I've been telling some of my friends—good fellows, every one of them—here in town about our high old times together, Rupe," he said, in conclusion, "and if you don't mind, I'll introduce you to them after the performance, and we'll make a night of it."

Mr. Steelson did mind. The farce with Aby in the leading rôle had been played long enough.

"My dear sir," said the star to his caller, "if you'll excuse me I'll finish the rest I was enjoying before you came in."

Aby showing no disposition to go, I gently helped him to the hallway. He went downstairs muttering that it was "very different from the days of old Jim Adams."

When I returned to Mr. Steelson's room the distinguished actor had composed himself and his pajamas once more on the red coverlet. Again there was a knock at the door, which was opened almost simultaneously. I expected to see Aby, but beheld, instead, a stout, pompous old gentleman who asked which of us was Mr. Steelson. I waved my hand in the direction of the pajamaed form on the bed.

"Delighted!" said the pompous gentleman, with a stiff bow. "I feel honored, sir; honored. While you are in Fort Benson, sir, I will be pleased to show you round, sir; round, sir. I know the best people here, sir, and it will be an honor for me to introduce you. Make yourself perfectly at home here, sir; perfectly at home."

When he stopped for breath the star interjected: "Who, in the name of Heaven or a warmer place are you, sir?"

"I'm the landlord of the hotel, sir," was the reply.

"Well, Mr. Landlord," returned the pes-

tered actor, "if you'll go downstairs again I'll ring for you when I want you."

The landlord protested. The star shut his eyes and kept them closed until our host withdrew.

"Do you know," said Mr. Steelson, when he opened his eyes and looked around to be sure we were really alone, "I didn't mind what he said so much, but I'll be hanged if I'll stand this habit of bursting into my room unannounced. If it's the custom of the town it's time they changed it."

I left the actor to reflect on Fort Benson's etiquette and walked up the street to the new Opry House. Going through the long lobby and entering the auditorium, I saw, to my surprise, that, though it was early in the afternoon, many of the chairs were already occupied. I asked Lieutenant Edlinger, whom I met at the door, if the people expected a *matinée* performance.

"Not a bit of it," was his response, "they're just seeing how their seats feel. Sort of getting accustomed to them for tonight."

Apparently the occupants of the plush chairs were determined to receive full value for the money they had invested in tickets. To add to their enjoyment, the electrician stood at his switchboard and pulled the levers one by one that lit up the various parts of the theatre. With each flash of light a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" went up from the admiring Fort Bensonians.

"There's my father and mother," announced the lieutenant, pointing to a private box on the right. "We'll go round and I'll introduce you to them."

I followed him to the box where the Edlingers were sitting in state gazing down on the common herd in the orchestra seats with an air of conscious superiority.

"Father," said the lieutenant, "this is Mr. Steelson's manager, Mr. — Let's see, what is your name?"

For the third time that afternoon I answered the question. To avoid any further lapses of memory I took a card from my pocket and handed it to the young man, who, in turn, handed it to his father. The latter, after glancing at my name, dutifully turned the card over to his wife. Both bowed their acknowledgment of the peculiar introduction. In many respects, they were an interesting couple. The colonel was tall and well proportioned. He had a closely cropped gray beard, a Pecksniffian expression, and a bearing suggestive of active military service, though all his fighting,

so Darnold had written me, had been done through a proxy. Darnold further informed me that the townspeople, having formed the habit of calling the father "colonel" simply because he looked the part, had dubbed the son "lieutenant" for no better reason.

Mrs. Edlinger, in her shoes, stood just half as high as her husband, but in her own estimation she towered way above him. She was the owner of a peaked nose and black, snappy eyes that frequently appeared to be making a circuit of everything in the theatre from the large, glistening chandelier hanging from the ceiling to the bright blue carpet on the aisles.

I shook hands with the Edlingers, congratulating them on the new Opera House and the pleasure they must experience in its completion.

"Yes," responded the colonel, and he astonished me by giving a long-drawn sigh, "it would be pleasant indeed but for one thing. Look there."

He made a gesture toward a chair draped in mourning that occupied a prominent position in the front of the box.

"The vacant chair," said the colonel, with another sigh. "If our married daughter was alive she would sit in it to-night, but she died just six months ago. It was a terrible blow to us. Her husband and little baby will be with us to-night, but nobody will use the chair. It will be reserved for Mary's spirit if she can come."

I had faith enough in the excellence of our performance not to doubt that it would prove vastly entertaining for Mary's spirit if she had no other engagement for that evening. To the Edlingers, however, I made no suggestion of this sort. The colonel's grief appeared to be genuine, and his method of parading it was purely a matter of taste.

Mrs. Edlinger's reflections were not as gloomy as her husband's. "I've been thinking," she chirruped, "how we ought to come into this box to-night. It won't do to enter before all the folk out there are seated," motioning as she spoke toward her subjects in the plush seats, "and I don't like the idea of waiting in the lobby where people coming in can see us. I think, after all, we ought to stay on the stage until just before the curtain is ready to go up. Then we can come out through the side door and make our entrance. I think the effect will be much better that way. Don't you?" she asked, turning to me for an expert opinion.

Seeing that the mistress of the Edlinger

household was bent on making what Darnold would term a "grandstand play," I secured a warm place in her regard by declaring that the idea could not be improved. Thereupon the lady showed her appreciation of my judgment by offering to conduct me personally over the theatre. I accepted and made the tour of inspection under her escort, her husband and son walking humbly behind us. When the examination of the interior was finished we visited the box office. The ticket seller was engaged in an animated conversation with a buxom lady, who seemed as undecided about the purchase of her tickets as if she was selecting goods at a bargain counter.

"I don't like those seats at all," she was saying, pointing to a couple that had just been shown her. "Mrs. Ellsworth's got two right next to them, and I never could get 'long side of her. Haven't you anything near the Ridleys?" The omniscient young man in the box office informed her that every location near the Ridleys was taken.

"Too bad. I'd like to be near Mrs. Ridley so's we could have a nice long talk while the play's going on. My husband could tell me all about it arter we got home."

"I can give you two right in front of the Hortons," insinuated the ticket seller.

"Kin ye? Right in front? I'll take 'em. Now that Horton woman kin see she isn't the only one in Fort Benson with a new bonnet. Young man, I'm much obliged."

She produced a net purse and paid for the tickets. As she turned to go there was a telephone ring in the box office. The ticket seller answered the call. It proved to be an order, "the two best seats in the house" for a young man and woman who were to be married at seven o'clock that very evening.

"It isn't possible," I said, "that they intend to come right here after the ceremony and sit in full view of everybody."

Neither the Edlingers nor the ticket seller could see anything remarkable in such a procedure.

"Why shouldn't they come here?" exclaimed Mrs. Edlinger. "What better place in town could they go to?"

From her last question I drew the conclusion that going out of town on the honeymoon was not the fashion in Fort Benson. I made no further comment, but my mind immediately busied itself with reflections on the strange play that would be enacted without words before the curtain of the new Opry House that night; a play in which the principal features would be the gruesome

"vacant chair" in the private box and the happy young bridal couple in "the best seats in the house."

When I got back to the hotel it was time for supper, which Mr. Steelson and I par-took of together. The star was in much better humor now. He had locked his door, he informed me, and having thus made him-self free from intrusions he had enjoyed a long nap. There was only one interruption when he thought he heard his stumpy ac-quaintance calling "Rupe." I suggested that he had dreamed it, and Mr. Steelson guessed it was very probable. His acquies-cence in my suggestion was not unusual, since conceit in any form was not one of his characteristics. In this respect he had few parallels among the stars of his genera-tion.

Supper over, Mr. Steelson and I pro-ceeded to the theatre and went immediately on the stage. There we found the Edlingers, father, mother, son, son-in-law and grand-son waiting to make their entrance. The baby was such a noisy youngster that I drew a mental picture of an interrupted performance. I expressed a fear to Mr. Steelson, who replied, good-naturedly, "Oh, never mind. This is their night, and we'll let them do as they please. The child will have to be pretty strong to break up this show."

While Lieutenant Edlinger was introduc-ing the star to his relatives I went out to the front of the theatre to watch the crowds that were already flocking in. The first night patrons of the Opry House had no difficulty in entering the outer door and moving the length of the lobby. Passing by the ticket taker at the inner portal appeared to be an impossible proposition. At that point the Fort Bensonians were wedged in a solid mass against the doorkeeper, whose face wore a hopeless expression as he begged them to take their time and "not rush like a lot of football players."

Something was radically wrong with the arrangements for seating the people, and it did not take long to discover the cause. The fault lay primarily with Lieutenant Edlinger, and instrumentally with the ushers. The lieutenant, with his inherited and ac-quired military knowledge, had carefully in-structed the ushers how to walk, how to stand, how to bow and how to wear their bright new uniforms. He had overlooked one rather important particular, viz.: To familiarize them with the locations and num-bers of the different seats. Not having the

faintest idea of the whereabouts of a cer-tain orchestra chair, for instance, it was naturally a trying and tedious task for an usher to lead to it the holder of the coupon. As a result I saw several parties composed of ushers and persons they were supposed to escort wandering aimlessly up and down the aisles like people in a maze.

I recognized in one of these bands of wan-derers a man whom I had seen "trying his chair" that afternoon.

When he passed me I plucked his sleeve. "You know where your seat is, don't you?" I asked.

He retaliated, "Of course I know where it is, but we have to foller the usher just the same, don't we?"

When he was told that such a formality was not necessary he made a bee line for the right spot. His example proved contagious and afterwards the services of the ushers were dispensed with. The people ushered themselves and those who did not know where their places were located took any seats that were handy.

Among the last to arrive was the bridal couple. I needed nobody to point them out, and it could be plainly seen as they entered the theatre that this was their first appear-ance in public as man and wife. Arm in arm they walked down the aisle, both try-ing and failing to appear unconcerned. The bride wore the white dress in which she was married. On her black hair rested a spray of smilax. Her cheeks glowed with blushes. There was not a trace of color in the groom's face. Attired in a black suit of store clothes he marched stiffly along, his head tilted back and his expression seeming to say, "smile at me if you dare." I ex-pected at least a little show of mirth when the spectators beheld the newly married pair, but the expectation was not realized. Nobody tittered or even smiled. On the contrary, everybody, except myself, ap-peared to regard it as the proper thing for the young man and his bride to start their honeymoon by going to the new Opry House. When they reached their places and sat down, the bridegroom squared his broad shoulders and put his arm tenderly around the waist of his blushing bride, who gra-ciously allowed it to remain there through-out the entire performance.

It was now time for the play to begin. An overture of national airs had been tor-tured almost to death by the orchestra. The lights in the auditorium were dimmed, and the footlights turned up. I wondered why

the curtain did not rise. I had forgotten that this was the opportune moment selected by Mrs. Edlinger for the entrance of herself and relatives. All eyes were turned toward the private box. Soon the draperies in the rear were parted and the first family of Fort Benson made its appearance while the theatre resounded with applause. Lieutenant Edlinger led the way, carrying the baby, who, in turn, carried a large apple that had evidently been given for quieting purposes. Next entered Mrs. Edlinger with the dignity of a queen leaning on the arm of her bereaved son-in-law. The colonel, stately and alone, brought up the rear. There was another burst of applause when they took their seats. The baby waved his hands over the rail of the box as if to acknowledge the greeting. In doing so, unfortunately, he let fall his apple, which struck the bald head of an old gentleman who sat directly beneath. A howl of anguish came from the victim and a howl of enjoyment from the audience. The bald-headed gentleman rubbed the sore spot and the spectators roared again. Mrs. Edlinger smiled approvingly at the child.

It is pretty certain that Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravity from watching the fall of an apple. It is equally certain that the fall of the apple in the Fort Benson Opera House so thoroughly upset the gravity of the townspeople that their merriment might have continued indefinitely if the curtain had not gone up and the play commenced.

At the end of the first act Lieutenant Edlinger rushed up to me.

"I say," he blurted out, panting for breath, as usual, "I want you to introduce me to the leading lady. She's made a big hit with me, and mother thinks it will be all right for me to know her. Mother says she'll let me take her out to supper after the show."

It had not occurred to the unsophisticated youth that the leading lady's consent was necessary. I made no suggestion to that effect, but conducted him to the presence of the actress, who, dressed in a becoming gown of the eighteenth century period, and a Duchess of Gainsborough hat with big nodding black plumes, was sitting in her dressing-room awaiting the call for the second act. She was charming enough at that moment to captivate an army of lieutenants. Young Edlinger was terribly embarrassed as I performed the ceremony of introduction. His face would not have been

redder if he had applied to it the whole box of rouge that stood on the actress' table.

He stammered out, "Delighted, Miss—er—Miss—er. What's her name (turning to me), Mr.—er—Mr.—er— By Jove, I can't think of your name. Soon—I—won't know my own. Well—anyway, Miss—Miss actress—mother wants to know—that is—I want to know if you'll let me take you to supper after the show."

The leading lady's bright eyes twinkled.

"I will be glad to accept," she replied, "if you'll take my old man along, too. Here, Jim," calling to her husband, the lanky "character man" who was standing in the wings. "Jim," she repeated when that elongated disciple of Thespis came up and was presented to the lieutenant, "Mr. Edlinger has invited us out to supper."

"Why certainly," said Jim, "I'm agreeable."

The lieutenant could not restrain a look of disappointment, though he stuttered out a sentence in which I thought I could distinguish the word "delighted."

The call for the second act summoned the leading lady and "Jim." When they had hurried away the lieutenant uncorked his wrath with:

"Pretty smart trick, I call it."

"Whose," I innocently inquired. "The leading lady's or Jim's?"

"Neither of them. Yours. You might have told me she was married."

"You might have asked me," I rejoined.

"All right. I'm game. I won't squeal," stoically declared the scion of the house of Edlinger. "I'll take them out to supper."

"I'm sure the three of them will enjoy it," I suggested.

"You mean the three of us," corrected the lieutenant.

"No, I mean the three of them," and then I explained to him that the young girl who played the ingénue part was their daughter, who always accompanied her parents.

"If that's the case," sarcastically replied the lieutenant, "I'd better invite the whole blooming troupe."

He went away to consult with his mother while I made a call on Mr. Steelson. The star, though three-score years of age, was impersonating a youth of twenty. This young man was supposed to be constantly bubbling over with boyish enthusiasm, and Mr. Steelson, despite his age, merged his own personality in the part so completely that he carried the exuberance of spirit

with him to his dressing-room between the acts. On this occasion he was in high glee as I entered.

"Colonel Edlinger's just been in here," he chuckled, "and asked me to make a speech after the second act. Now I'm no orator, but I'll say something to oblige the colonel. After the second act is the right time for a speech because we always get a curtain call then. I want you to be in front to hear me orate."

I promised the star I would listen to his speech. Returning to the front lobby I met the only reporter of the only paper in Fort Benson. When I told him that Mr. Steelson was going to address the audience he hustled downtown to his office for a pad of copy paper and came back just as the second act was drawing to a close. Dragging a table and chair out of the box office he seated himself and prepared to write down the actor's remarks. The curtain descended at the end of the act. The newspaper man moistened the point of his pencil on his lips, adjusted his paper pad and held the tips of the fingers of his left hand to the tip of his left ear in an expectant attitude. A painful silence ensued.

"Why don't he come out and speak?" the scribe asked me.

"It's the spectators' fault," I replied. "Why don't they applaud?" I glanced toward the Edlinger box and noticed that the colonel had assumed an expression eminently becoming a man who expected to hear himself praised. Still there was no ovation to bring the star before the curtain. The wonderful climax of the act which never before failed to evoke round after round of applause did not appeal in the slightest degree to the phlegmatic inhabitants of Fort Benson. I tried to start the hand-clapping with the result that everybody in my vicinity stared at me in amazement. In despair I hurried back on the stage.

Some stars, disappointed at the loss of a curtain call, would have vented their spleen on everybody in sight. Not so with Mr. Steelson. He grinned broadly when he saw me, and winked both eyes in succession to evidence his amusement still further.

"Poor Colonel Edlinger," said he, with a humorous moan. "Poor Colonel Edlinger! He asked me to say some nice things about him, and they didn't give me a chance. What's the matter with those folks out front anyway? I'll bet nine-tenths of them never saw a play before in their lives. Poor

Colonel Edlinger! Let's try to get a look at him!"

We peeped out through the corner of the curtain and beheld the object of the star's sympathy sitting dejectedly in his box.

"What a shame!" laughed the star. "Can't we do something to relieve that distress?"

I hinted that I might be able to work up a call at the end of the next act if he would be ready to go right out and speak.

"Go ahead by all means," acquiesced Mr. Steelson.

The working-up process consisted in instructing the ushers to station themselves in various parts of the theatre and applaud for all they were worth as the curtain fell. Their artificial enthusiasm, when the proper time came, combined with the manual exertions of myself and the reporter, proved infectious. The audience applauded so generously that Mr. Steelson lost no time in making his appearance before the curtain. There was more handclapping as the star advanced to the footlights.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he commenced, "I must first congratulate you on this beautiful new theatre. I have played all over the United States, and I can say with sincerity there is no place of amusement in the whole country, not even on Broadway, New York City, that can surpass it. Yes, I will go still further and state that very few can equal it."

As he made this broad, sweeping prevarication every auditor pounded his palms vigorously and looked proudly at his neighbor.

Continuing to toy with the truth, the speaker said: "I must also congratulate you on having as a fellow-citizen my old and dear friend, Colonel James Phoenix Edlinger, whose self-sacrifice and devotion to your interests have caused this theatre to be a reality."

I hoped for Mr. Steelson's sake the audience did not notice he referred to Colonel Edlinger as James instead of John, a mistake hardly consistent with his claim of old and dear friendship.

Unmindful of his error, he went on: "It was on account of my desire to show my respect for my old friend that I came to assist at this dedication."

More hearty applause from the auditors who knew nothing about the certified check Colonel Edlinger had paid the star for his services.

Concluding, the actor said, "I trust that Colonel Edlinger and the magnificent Opera

House he has erected will long remain with you. For my own part, if my humble efforts to-night to entertain you have been successful I will promise to make a return visit next season for the same consideration—I mean—the same consideration of friendship for my boyhood's friend, the colonel, God bless him!"

The applause which the peroration evoked was thunderous and long continued. Colonel Edlinger, apparently overcome with emotion by the star's reference to their boyhood's happy days, held his handkerchief to his eyes. There were cries for him to take the stage. He obeyed the summons and came before the curtain hand in hand with Mr. Steelson. It was a touching sight to behold those alleged life-long friends, who in reality had never met each other until that evening, standing before the innocent audience which could hardly control its excitement over the inspiring spectacle. Of the two Colonel Edlinger was the more visibly affected, though Mr. Steelson was not far behind in the emotional display. The people called on the colonel for a speech. He stammered a sentence or two to the effect that his feelings at that moment could not possibly be expressed. Then he broke down, and shaking the actor's hand in a convulsive grasp, he hurried from view. The self-constituted friend of his boyhood also retired while the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne."

The next act was the last. It had always been the most amusing in the piece, and in Fort Benson it was more effective than ever before on account of an accident that happened to Mrs. Jameson, a very stout lady playing the old woman rôle. The scene was laid in a wood. In the center stood a large set tree with a bench in front. The tree in previous performances had been fastened so securely with stage braces that when the stout lady sat on the bench and leaned against the painted trunk it easily withstood the pressure. Something was decidedly wrong somewhere when the actress reached this part of her performance in Fort Benson. Either the tree itself had developed a weakness or the stage braces had been imperfectly placed by the inexperienced hands of the new theatre, for when Mrs. Jameson sat down and resting her shoulders on the stage oak said, wearily, "Ah! here at last is shelter and repose," there was a loud

crash and the lady and the tree went over and down together. The spectators shrieked their approval. There was not a person in the audience who did not believe the actress' back somersault was part of the play. So many ludicrous situations had occurred in the comedy it seemed perfectly consistent for Mrs. Jameson to run the risk of concussion of the spine. It also appeared entirely natural to the spectators when Mr. Steelson rushed upon the stage to the actress' assistance extemporizing "my good woman, let me help you." The star's happy thought would have worked to a charm if he could have extemporized sufficient strength at the same time. When he tried to lift the 300 odd pounds of the overturned Mrs. Jameson his force was so inadequate that the brawny carpenter who traveled with our company hurried to aid him. Through their combined efforts the actress was raised to a perpendicular position and assisted from the stage while the spectators continued in convulsions of laughter, firmly convinced that the episode was the best feature of the comedy.

"It beats anything," I heard a lady say, "how a big woman can throw herself around like that night after night without getting hurt."

Early next morning the Rupert Steelson Company departed from Fort Benson. While waiting in the depot for the train to arrive I noticed that all the actors and actresses were on hand except the ingénue.

"Where is your daughter?" I asked the leading lady.

She replied, "Maud is having a stroll with young Edlinger. He took all three of us out to supper last night, and that girl of mine simply monopolized him. Ah, here they come."

The lieutenant was carrying her satchel. When the train came he assisted her on board and found a comfortable seat for her on the shady side of the car.

Their good-by was very protracted and slightly pathetic for so brief an acquaintance. As we left the station I saw him standing disconsolately on the depot platform straining his eyes for a last glimpse of the ingénue who affectionately kissed her hand to him from the car window. That duty performed, the young actress took writing material from her satchel and commenced to scribble a letter to her fiancé in New York.

A Forest Shrine

By Bliss Carman



*When you hear that mellow whistle
In the beeches unespied,
Footfall soft as down of thistle
Turn aside!*

*That's our golden hermit singer
In his leafy house and dim,
Where God's utterances linger
Yet for him.*

Built out of the firmamental
Shafts of rain and beams of sun,
Norse and Greek and Oriental
Here are one.

Gothic oak and Latin laurel
Here but sentry that wild gush
Of wood-music with their aural
Calm and hush.

From those hanging airy arches
Soars the azure roof of June,
While among the feathery larches
Hangs the moon.

Through that unfrequented portal,
When the twilight winds are low,
Messengers of things immortal
Come and go;

Whispers of a rumor hidden
From slow reason, and revealed
To the child of beauty bidden
Far afield.





Hints of rapture rare and splendid
Furnished to the heart of man,
As if, where mind's journey ended,
Soul's began;

As if, when we sighed, "No farther!
Here our knowledge pales and thins;"
One had answered us, "Say rather,
'Here begins.'"

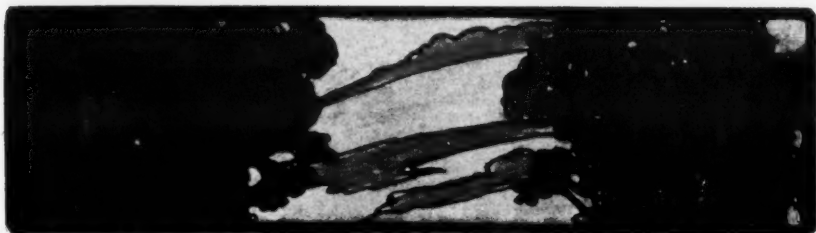
Argue me, "There is no gateway
In this great wall we explore,"
Till there comes a bird-note; straightway,
There's the door!

Enter here, thou beauty-lover,
The domain where soul resides!
Ingress thought could not discover,
Sense provides.

Ponder long and build at leisure,
Architect,—yet canst thou rear
Such a house for such a treasure
As is here!

Leader of the woods and brasses,
Masters of the winds and strings,
Hast thou music that surpasses—
His who sings?





You who lay cold proof's embargos
On all wonder-working, tell
Whence those fine reverberant largos
Sink and swell!

Hark, that note of limpid glory
Melts into the old earth-strain,
And begins the woodland story
Once again.

Hark, that transport of contentment
Blown into a mellow reed,
Wild yet tranquil,—soul's preventment
Of soul's need.

There the master voluntaries
On his pipe of greenish gold;
The wise theme whereon he varies,
Never old.

What do we with those who grieve them
O'er the fevers of the mind?
Beauty's follower will leave them
Far behind.

As the wind among the rushes,
Were it not enough to know
The sure joyance of the thrushes?
Even so.



ROUGE ET NOIR

A LITTLE BUSINESS ROMANCE OF THE BANANA TRADE

By OLIVIER HENRY

I.

DICKY'S DIGRESSION.

NOBODY knew exactly where Dicky Maloney hailed from or how he reached Puerto Rey. He appeared there one day, and that was all. He afterward said that he came on the fruit steamer *Thor*, but, an inspection of the *Thor's* passenger list of that date would have found it to be Maloneyless. Curiosity, however, soon perished, and Dicky took his place among the heterogeneous litter of the coast—the stranded adventurers, refugees and odd fish from other countries that line the shore of the Caribbean.

He was an active, devil-may-care, rollicking fellow with an engaging gray eye, the most irresistible grin, a rather dark, or much sun-burned complexion, and a head of the fieriest red hair ever seen in that country. Speaking the Spanish language as well as he spoke English, and seeming always to have plenty of silver in his pockets, it was not long before he was a welcome companion both with the natives and the resident foreigners. He developed an extreme fondness for *vino blanco*; could drink more of it than any three men in the port, and to meet Dicky Maloney's brilliant head and smile coming down the street meant, to any of his acquaintances, the consumption of from one to three bottles of strong, white wine. Everybody called him Dicky; everybody cheered up at sight of him—especially the natives to whom his marvelous ruddy hair and his free and easy style were a constant delight and envy. Anywhere about the port you would soon see Dicky and hear his genial laugh, and find around him a group of admirers, who appreciated both him and the *vino blanco* he was so ready to buy.

A considerable amount of speculation still existed concerning the object of his stay in Puerto Rey, but one day he silenced this by opening a small shop for the sale of cigars, *dulces* and the handiwork of the interior Indians—fiber and silk woven goods, deerskin *zapatos*, and basketwork of *tule* reeds. Even

then he did not change his habits, for he was drinking and playing cards half the day and night with the comandante, the collector of the port, the Jefe Politico, and other gay dogs among the native officials. The care of the shop he left entirely to Pasa. And now it is both desirable and fitting to make Pasa's acquaintance, for she was Dicky's Digression.

La Madama Timotea Buencaminos y Salazar de las Yglesias kept a rum shop in Calle numero ocho. No disgrace, mind you, for rum-making is a government monopoly, and to keep a government dispensary assures respectability if not supereminence. Moreover, the saddest of precisians could find no fault with the conduct of the shop. Customers drank there in the lowest of spirits and fearsomely, as in the shadow of the dead, for la madama's ancient but vaunted lineage counteracted even the rum's behest to be joyful. For, was she not of the Yglesias who landed with Pizarro? And had her deceased husband not been Comisionado de Caminos y Puentes for the district?

In the next room, seated in the cane rocking-chair, dreamily strumming a guitar, could generally be found her daughter Pasa—"La Santita Navanjada" the young men had named her. *Navanjada* is the Spanish word for a certain shade of color that you must go to more trouble to describe in English. By saying: "The little saint, tinted the most beautiful-delicate-slightly-orange-golden" you will approximate the description of Doña Pasa Buencaminos y Salazar de las Yglesias.

Every evening a row of visiting young caballeros would occupy the prim line of chairs set against the wall of this room. They were there to besiege the heart of "La Santita." Their method (which is not proof against intelligent competition) consisted of expanding the chest, looking valorous, and silently consuming a gross or two of cigarettes. Even saints, delicately oranged, prefer to be wooed differently. Doña Pasa was accustomed to tide over the vast chasms of

nicotinized silence with her guitar, and wondered if the romances she had read about gallant and more—more—contiguous cavaliers were all lies. At somewhat regular intervals la madama would glide in from the dispensary with a sort of draught-suggesting look in her eye, and there would follow a great rustling of stiff white duck trousers as one of the caballeros would suggest a visit to the bar.

That Dicky Maloney would, sooner or later, explore this field was a thing to be foreseen. There were few doors in Puerto Rey his red head had not been poked into.

He saw Pasa one afternoon sitting by the door with an unusually saintly look upon her face. Dicky rushed off to find one of the white duck wall-flowers to present him. In an incredibly short time he was seated close beside the cane rocking-chair. There were no back-against-the-wall poses with Dicky. At close range, was his theory of subjection. To carry the fortress with one concentrated, ardent, eloquent, irresistible *escalade*—that was Dicky's way.

Pasa was descended from the proudest Spanish families in the country. Moreover, she had had unusual advantages. Two years in a New Orleans school had elevated her ambitions and fitted her for a fate above the ordinary maidens of her native land. And yet here she succumbed to the first red-haired scamp with a glib tongue and a charming smile that came along and courted her properly. For, very soon Dicky took her quietly to the little church next to the Teatro Nacional and then to his little shop in the grass-grown street where customers seldom troubled him. And it was her fate to sit, with her patient, saintly eyes and figure like a bisque Psyche, behind its sequestered counter, while Dicky drank and philandered with his frivolous acquaintances.

The women, with their naturally fine instinct, saw a chance for vivisection, and delicately taunted her with his habits. She turned upon them in a beautiful, steady blaze of sorrowful contempt.

"You meat-cows," she said, in her level, crystal-clear tones; "you know nothing of a man. Your men are *maromeros*. They are fit only to roll cigarettes in the shade until the sun strikes and shrivels them up. They drone in your hammocks and you comb their hair and feed them with fresh fruit. My man is of no such blood. Let him drink of the wine. When he has taken sufficient of it to drown one of your *flaccitos* he will come home to me *mas hombre* than one

thousand of your *pobrecitos*. My hair he smooths and braids; he sings to me; he himself removes my *zapatos*, and there, there, upon each instep leaves a kiss. He holds— Oh, you will never understand! Blind ones who have never known a *man*."

Sometimes mysterious things happened at night about Dicky's shop. While the front of it was dark, in the little room back of it Dicky and a few of his friends would sit about a table carrying on some kind of very quiet *negocios* until quite late. Finally he would let them out the front door very carefully, and go upstairs to his little saint. These visitors were generally conspirator-like men with dark clothes and hats. Of course, these dark doings were noticed after a while, and talked about. At the Hotel Internacional, where the English-speaking colony mostly congregated, it was openly stated that this fellow Maloney was a card sharp that made his money by skinning the native talent. This charge, however, was considered quite a tepid one, coming from this source, for most of the foreign population of Puerto Rey were fugitives from some sort of justice—uneasy exiles who watched every incoming steamer with poorly-concealed anxiety.

Quite a number of letters arrived, addressed to "Mr. Dicky Maloney," or "Señor Dickoe Maloney," to the considerable pride of Pasa. That so many people should desire to write to him only confirmed her own suspicion that the light from his red head shone around the world. As to their contents she never felt curiosity. There was a wife for you!

The one mistake Dicky made in Puerto Rey was to run out of money at the wrong time. Where his money came from was a puzzle, for the sales of his shop were next to nothing, but that source failed, and at a peculiarly unfortunate time. It was when the comandante, Don Señor el Coronel Encarnacion Casablanca looked upon the little saint seated in the shop and felt his heart go pitapat.

The comandante, who was versed in all the intricate arts of gallantry, first delicately hinted at his sentiments by donning his dress uniform and strutting up and down fiercely before her window. Pasa, glancing demurely with her saintly eyes, instantly perceived his resemblance to her parrot, Chichi, and was diverted to the extent of a smile. The comandante saw the smile, which was not intended for him. Convinced of an impression made, he entered the shop,

confidently, and advanced to open compliment. Paza froze; he pranced; she flamed royally; he was charmed to injudicious persistence; she commanded him to leave the shop; he tried to capture her hand, and— Dicky entered, broadly smiling, full of white wine and the devil.

Five minutes later he pitched the comandante out the door upon the stones of the street, senseless. That five minutes Dicky had spent in punishing him scientifically and carefully, so that the pain might be prolonged as far as possible.

A barefooted policeman who had been watching the affair from across the street, now blew a whistle and a squad of eight soldiers came running from the *cuartel* just around the corner. When they saw that Dicky was the offender they stopped and blew more whistles, which brought out reinforcements of twelve.

Dicky, being thoroughly imbued with the martial spirit, stooped and drew the comandante's sword which was girded about him, and charged his foe. He chased the standing army four squares, playfully prodding its squealing rear, and hacking its bare, ginger-colored heels. He was not so successful with the civic authorities. Eight

muscular, nimble policemen overpowered him, and conveyed him, triumphantly but warily to jail. "*El Diablo Colorado*," they dubbed him, and derided the military for its defeat.

Dicky, with the rest of the prisoners, could look out the barred door at the grass of a little plaza, a row of orange trees, and the red tile roofs and 'dobe walls of a line of insignificant *tiendas*. At sunset, along a path across this plaza, came a melancholy procession of sad-faced women bearing plantains, bread, *casaba* and fruit—each coming with food to some wretch behind those bars to whom she still clung. Thrice a day, morning, noon and sunset, they were permitted to come. Water was furnished her guests by the republic, but no food.

Dicky's name was called by the sentry, and he stepped before the door. There stood his little saint, a black mantilla draped about her head and shoulders, her face like glorified melancholy, her clear eyes gazing longingly at him as if they might draw him between the bars to her. She brought a chicken, some oranges, *dulces*, and a loaf of white bread. A soldier inspected the food, and passed it in to Dicky. Pasa spoke



"Come back when you get that smile you used to wear. That is what I wish to see."

calmly, as she always did, and briefly, in her thrilling, flute-like tones. "Angel of my life," she said, "let it not be long that thou art away from me. Thou knowest that life is not a thing to be endured with thou not at my side. Tell me if I can do aught in this matter. If not, I will wait—a little while. I come again in the morning."

Dicky, with his shoes removed so as not to disturb his fellow prisoners, tramped the floor of the jail half the night condemning his lack of money and the cause of it—whatever that might have been. He knew very well that money would have bought his release at once.

For two days succeeding Pasa came at each appointed time and brought him food. He eagerly inquired each time if a letter or package had come for him, and she mournfully shook her head.

On the morning of the third day she brought only a small loaf of bread. There were dark circles under her eyes. She seemed as calm as ever.

"By jingo," said Dicky, who seemed to speak in English or Spanish as the whim seized him, "this is dry provender, *muchachita*. Is this the best you can dig up for a fellow?"

Pasa looked at him as a mother looks at a beloved but capricious babe.

"Think better of it," she said, in a low voice; "since for the next meal there will be nothing. The last *centavo* is spent." She pressed closer against the grating.

"Sell the goods in the shop—take anything for them."

"Have I not tried? Did I not offer them for one-tenth their cost? Not even one *peso* would any one give. There is not one *real* in this town to assist Dickee Maloney."

Dick clenched his teeth grimly. "That's the comandante," he growled. "He's responsible for that sentiment. Wait, oh, wait till the cards are all out."

Pasa lowered her voice to almost a whisper. "And, listen, heart of my heart," she said, "I have endeavored to be brave, but I cannot live without thee. Three days now—"

Dicky caught a faint gleam of steel from the folds of her mantilla. For once she looked in his face and saw it without a smile, stern, menacing and purposeful. Then he suddenly raised his hand and his smile came back like a gleam of sunshine. The hoarse signal of an incoming steamer's siren sounded in the harbor. Dicky called to the

sentry who was pacing before the door: "What steamer comes?"

"The *Catarina*."

"Of the Vesuvius line?"

"Without doubt, of that line."

"Go you, *pícarilla*," said Dicky, joyously to Pasa, "to the American consul. Tell him I wish to speak with him. See that he comes at once. And you, let me see a different look in those eyes, for I promise your head shall rest upon this arm to-night."

It was an hour before the consul came. He was a spectacled young man, a greedy botanist who was utilizing his office to study the tropic flora. He held a green umbrella under his arm, and mopped his forehead impatiently.

"Now, see here, Maloney," he began, captiously, "you fellows seem to think you can cut up any kind of row, and expect me to pull you out of it. I'm neither the War Department nor a gold mine. This country has its laws, you know, and there's one against pounding the senses out of the regular army. You Irish are forever getting into trouble. I don't see what I can do. Anything like tobacco, now, to make you comfortable—or newspapers?"

"Son of Eli," interrupted Dicky, gravely, "you haven't changed an iota. That is almost a duplicate of the speech you made when old Koen's donkeys and geese got into the chapel loft, and the culprits wanted to hide in your room."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the consul, hurriedly adjusting his spectacles. "Are you a Yale man, too? Were you in that crowd? I don't seem to remember any one with red—any one named Maloney. Such a lot of college men seem to have misused their advantages. One of the best mathematicians of the class of '91 is selling lottery tickets in Belize. A Cornell man dropped off here last month. He was second steward on a guano boat. I'll write to the Department if you like, Maloney. Or if there's any tobacco, or newspa—"

"There's nothing," interrupted Dicky, shortly, "but this. You go tell the captain of the *Catarina* that Dicky Maloney wants to see him as soon as he can conveniently come. Tell him where I am. Hurry. That's all."

The consul, glad to be let off so easily, hurried away. The captain of the *Catarina*, a stout man, Sicilian born, soon appeared, shoving, with little ceremony, through the guards to the jail door. The Vesuvius Fruit

Company had a habit of doing things that way in Puerto Rey.

"I am exceeding sorry—exceeding sorry," said the captain, "to see this occur. I place myself at your service, Mr. Maloney. Whatever you need shall be furnished. Whatever you say shall be done."

Dicky looked at him unsmilingly. His red hair could not detract from his attitude of severe dignity as he stood, tall and calm, with his now grim mouth forming a horizontal line.

"Captain De Lucco, I believe I still have funds in the hands of your company—ample and personal funds. I ordered a remittance last week. The money has not arrived. You know what is needed in this game. Money and money and more money. Why has it not been sent?"

"By the *Cristobal*," replied De Lucco, gesticulating, "it was dispatched. Where is the *Cristobal*? Off Cape Antonio I spoke her with a broken shaft. A tramp coaster was towing her back to New Orleans. I brought money ashore thinking your need for it might not withstand delay. In this envelope is one thousand dollars. There is more if you need it, Mr. Maloney."

"For the present it will suffice," said Dicky, softening as he crinkled the envelope and looked down at the half inch thickness of smooth, dingy bills.

"The long green!" he said, gently, with a new reverence in his gaze. "Is there anything it will not buy, captain?"

"I had three friends," replied De Lucco, who was a bit of a philosopher, "who had money. One of them speculated in stocks and made ten million; another is in heaven, and the third married a poor girl whom he loved."

"The answer, then," said Dicky, "is held by the Almighty, Wall Street and Cupid. So, the question remains."

"This," queried the captain, including Dicky's surroundings in a significant gesture of his hand; "is it—it is not—it is not connected with the business of your little shop? There is no failure in your plans?"

"No, no," said Dicky. "This is merely the result of a little private affair of mine, a digression from the regular line of business. They say for a complete life a man must know poverty, love and war. But they don't go well together, *capitan mio*. No; there is no failure in my business. The little shop is doing very well."

When the captain had departed Dicky

called the sergeant of the jail squad and asked:

"Am I *preso* by the military or by the civil authority?"

"Surely there is no martial law in effect now, señor."

"*Bueno*. Now go or send to the *alcalde*, the *Juez de la Paz* and the *Jefe de los Policios*. Tell them I am prepared at once to satisfy the demands of justice." A folded bill of the "long green" slid into the sergeant's hand.

Then Dicky's smile came back again, for he knew that the hours of his captivity were numbered, and he hummed, in time with the sentry's tread:

"They're hanging men and women now
For lacking of the green."

So, that night Dicky sat by the window of the room over his shop and his little saint sat close by, working at something silken and dainty. Dicky was thoughtful and grave. His red hair was in an unusual state of disorder. Pasa's fingers often ached to smooth and arrange it, but Dicky would never allow it. He was poring, to-night, over a great litter of maps and books and papers on his table until that perpendicular line came between his brows that always distressed Pasa. Presently she went and brought his hat, and stood with it until he looked up, inquiringly.

"It is sad for you here," she explained. "Go out and drink *vino blanco*. Come back when you get that smile you used to wear. That is what I wish to see."

Dicky laughed and threw down his papers. "The *vino blanco* stage is past. It has served its turn. Perhaps, after all, there was less entered my mouth and more my ears than people thought. But, there will be no more maps or frowns to-night. I promise you that. Come."

They sat upon a reed *silleta* at the window and watched the quivering gleams from the lights of the *Catarina* reflected in the harbor.

Presently Pasa rippled out one of her infrequent chirrups of audible laughter.

"I was thinking," she began, anticipating Dicky's question, "of the foolish things girls have in their minds. Because I went to school in the states I used to have ambitions. Nothing less than to be the President's wife would satisfy me. And, look thou, red picaroon, to what obscure fate hast thou stolen me!"

"Don't give up hope," said Dicky, smil-

ing. "There was a dictator of Chili named O'Higgins. Why not a President Maloney of this country? Say the word, and I'll make the race. We'll capture the Irish vote, easy running, by a head."

"No, no, no, *cabeza colorada!*" cooed Pasa, pointing the allusion with the tip of her finger against Dicky's brilliant locks. "I am content"—she laid her head against his arm—"here."

II.

THE VESUVIUS PLAYS.

The banana republic of Costaragua has, practically, two capitals. The one officially recognized is San Mateo, seventy miles in the interior. But, during the hot season, from May to October, the entire administration removes to Puerto Rey, where the sea breeze renders the pursuit of business and pleasure possible. Custom had so established this annual hegira of the executive that a commodious government building had been erected on the beach at Puerto Rey for the use of the President and his official family during their sojourn. Thus Puerto Rey claimed, with reason, equal honor with San Mateo as capital of the republic.

It is during this season that Puerto Rey may actually be said to live. The pleasure-loving people make it one long holiday of amusement and rejoicing. *Fiestas, bailes*, games, sea bathing, processions, and small theatres contribute to their enjoyment.

The famous Swiss band of forty pieces plays in the little Plaza Nacional every night, while the fourteen carriages in Puerto Rey circle in funeral but complacent procession. Los Indios, looking like prehistoric stone idols, come down from the mountains to peddle their handiwork in the streets. The people throng the sidewalks, a chattering, careless, happy stream of buoyant humanity. Preposterous children, with the shortest of ballet skirts, gilt wings and grimy, bare legs, howl underfoot among the effervescent crowds. Especially is the arrival of the presidential party, on the fifteenth day of May, attended with pomp, show and public demonstrations of enthusiasm and delight.

But now, this year, though the middle of May was almost come, the heart of the people was not stirred to the customary joyous preparation. Throughout the entire republic there seemed to be a spirit of silent, sullen discontent. The administration of President Zarilla had made him far from a popular idol. Fresh taxes, fresh import

duties, and, more than all, his tolerance of the outrageous oppression of the citizens by the military had rendered him the most obnoxious President since the despised Alforan. The majority of his own cabinet were out of sympathy with him. The army, which he courted by giving it license to tyrannize, had been his main, and, thus far, adequate bulwark.

But the most impolitic of the administration's moves had been when it antagonized the Vesuvius Fruit Company of New Orleans, an organization plying twelve steamships, and with a cash capital something larger than Costaragua's surplus and debt combined. Naturally, an established concern like the Vesuvius would become irritated at having a small, retail republic with no rating at all attempt to squeeze it. So, when the government proxies applied for subsidy they encountered a polite refusal. The President retaliated by clapping an export duty of one *real* per bunch on bananas—a thing unprecedented in fruit growing countries. But the Vesuvius Company had built costly iron piers and wharves at three points along the Costaraguan coast. The company's agents had erected fine homes in the towns where they had their headquarters, and the company had invested large sums in banana plantations and timber lands of the republic. It would cost an immense sum if it should be compelled to move out. The selling price of bananas from Vera Cruz to Trinidad was three *reals* per bunch. This duty of one *real* would have fallen as a loss upon the growers, but the Vesuvius seemed to prefer Costaraguan fruit, and they continued to buy it, paying four *reals* without a murmur.

This apparent victory deceived His Excellency, and he hungered for its fruits. An emissary requested an interview with a representative of the company. The Vesuvius sent Mr. Franzoni, a little, stout, cheerful man always whistling Verdi. Señor Ortiz, secretary to the Minister of Finance, attempted the sandbagging in behalf of Costaragua.

Señor Ortiz opened negotiations by the announcement that the government contemplated the building of a railroad to skirt the alluvial coast lands. After touching upon the benefits such an improvement would confer upon the interests of the Vesuvius, he reached the definite suggestion that a contribution to the road's expense of one hundred thousand *pesos* would not be more than an equivalent to benefits received.



"Shall I deliver them to Enrico Olivarra's assassin, or to his son?"

Mr. Franzoni denied any benefits from the contemplation of a road. He was authorized, however, to offer a contribution of five hundred to the contemplators.

Did Señor Ortiz understand Mr. Franzoni to mean five hundred *thousand*?

By no means. Five hundred *pesos*. And in silver; not gold.

"Your offer insults my government," said Señor Ortiz, rising indignantly.

"Then," cried Mr. Franzoni, in a warning voice, "we will change it!"

The offer was never changed. Mr. Franzoni must have meant something else.

So, when the fifteenth day of May arrived the signs were that the presidential advent would not be celebrated by unlimited rejoicing.

Although the rainy season was long over, the day seemed to hark back to reeking February. A fine drizzle of rain fell all during the forenoon. A narrow gauge railroad runs from Puerto Rey to within ten miles of San Mateo. The train conveying the executive party rolled into the summer capital at a speed of fifteen miles an hour at

four in the afternoon. Colonel Rocas, with a regiment of the regular army, and Captain Cruz, with his famous troop of one hundred light horse "El Ciento Huilando," the President's personal escort, had marched down by easy stages from San Mateo, arriving the previous afternoon.

President Zarilla was a little, elderly man, grizzly bearded, with a considerable ratio of Indian blood revealed in his cinnamon complexion. As he was assisted into his carriage, his sharp, beady eyes glanced around for the expected demonstration of welcome, but he faced a stolid, unenthused array of curious citizens. Sightseers the Costaguans are by birth and habit, and they turned out to the last able-bodied unit to witness the scene, but they maintained an accusive silence. They crowded the streets to the very wheel ruts, they covered the red tile roofs to the eaves, but there was never a "Viva!" among them. No wreaths of palm and lemon branches or gorgeous strings of paper roses hung from the windows and balconies as was the custom. There was an apathy, a dull, dissenting, dis-

approbation that was the more ominous because it puzzled. No one feared an outburst, a revolt of the discontents, for they had no leader. The President and those loyal to him had never even heard whispered a name among them capable of crystallizing the dissatisfaction into opposition. No, there could be no danger. The people always procured a new idol before they destroyed an old one.

At length, after a prodigious galloping and curvetting of red-sashed majors, gold-laced colonels and epauletted generals, the procession formed for its annual formal progress down the principal street—the Camino Real—to the government building at its end.

The Swiss band led the line of march. After it pranced the local comandante, mounted, and a detachment of his troops. Next came a carriage with four members of the cabinet, conspicuous among them the Minister of War, old General Pilar, with his white mustache and his soldierly bearing. Then the President's vehicle, containing also the alcalde and the Ministers of Finance and State; and surrounded by Captain Cruz's light horse formed in a close double file of fours. Following them the rest of the officials of state, the judges and distinguished military and social ornaments of public and private life.

As the band struck up, and the movement began, like a bird of ill omen the *S. J. Pizzoni, Jr.*, the swiftest steamship of the Vesuvius line, glided into the harbor in plain view of the President and his train. Of course, there was nothing menacing about its arrival—a business firm does not go to war with a nation—but it reminded Señor Ortiz and others in those carriages that the Vesuvius Fruit Company was undoubtedly carrying something up its sleeve for them.

By the time the van of the procession had reached the government building, Captain Cronin, of the *S. J. Pizzoni, Jr.*, and Mr. Vincenti, member of the Vesuvius Company, had landed and were pushing their way, bluff, hearty and nonchalant, through the crowd on the narrow sidewalk. Clad in white linen, big, debonair, with an air of good-humored authority, they made conspicuous figures among the dark mass of unimposing Costaguans. They penetrated to within a few yards of the steps of the brown stone building Casa Moreno, the brown White House of Costaguana. Looking easily above the heads of the crowd, they perceived

another that towered above the undersized natives. It was the fiery poll of Dicky Maloney against the wall close by the lower step, and his broad, seductive grin showed that he recognized their presence.

Dicky had attired himself becomingly for the festive occasion in a well-fitting black suit. Pasa was close by his side, her head covered with the ubiquitous black mantilla.

Mr. Vincenti looked at her attentively.

"Botticelli's Madonna," he remarked, gravely. "I wonder when she got into the game. I don't like his getting tangled with the woman. I hoped he would keep away from them."

Captain Cronin's laugh almost drew attention from the parade.

"With that head of hair! Keep away from the women! And a Maloney! Hasn't he got a license? But, nonsense aside, what do you think of the prospects? It's a species of filibustering out of my line."

Vincenti glanced again at Dicky's head and smiled.

"*Rouge et noir*," he said. "There you have it. Make your play, gentlemen. Our money is on the red."

"The lad's game," said Cronin, with a commanding look at the tall, easy figure by the steps. "But 'tis all like fly-by-night theatricals to me. The talk's bigger than the stage; there's a smell of gasoline in the air, and they're their own audience and scene-shifters."

They ceased talking, for General Pilar had descended from the first carriage and had taken his stand upon the top step of Casa Moreno. As the oldest member of the cabinet, custom had decreed that he should make the address of welcome, presenting the keys of the official residence to the President at its close.

General Pilar was the most distinguished citizen of the republic. Hero of three wars and innumerable revolutions, he was an honored guest at European courts and camps. An eloquent speaker and a friend to the people, he represented the highest type of the Costaguans.

Holding in his hand the gilt keys of Casa Moreno, he began his address in a historical form, touching upon each administration and the advance of civilization and prosperity from the first dim striving after liberty down to present times. Arriving at the régime of President Zarilla, at which point, according to precedent, he should have delivered a eulogy upon its wise conduct and the happiness of the people, General Pilar

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paused. Then he silently held up the bunch of keys high above his head, with his eyes closely regarding it. The ribbon with which they were bound fluttered in the breeze.

"It still blows," cried the speaker, exultantly. "Citizens of Costaragua, give thanks to the saints this night that our air is still free."

Thus disposing of Zarilla's administration, he abruptly reverted to that of Olivarra, Costaragua's most popular ruler. Olivarra had been assassinated nine years before while in the prime of life and usefulness. A faction of the Liberal party led by Zarilla himself had been accused of the deed. Whether guilty or not, it was eight years before the ambitious and scheming Zarilla had gained his goal.

Upon this theme General Pilar's eloquence was loosed. He drew the picture of the beneficent Olivarra with a loving hand. He reminded the people of the peace, the security and the happiness they had enjoyed during that period. He recalled in vivid detail and with significant contrast the last summer sojourn of President Olivarra in Puerto Rey, when his appearance at their *fiestas* was the signal for thundering *vivas* of love and approbation.

The first public expression of sentiment from the people that day followed. A low, sustained murmur went among them like the surf rolling along the shore.

"Ten dollars to a dinner at the Saint Charles," remarked Mr. Vincenti, "that *rouge* wins."

"I never bet against my own interests," said Captain Cronin, lighting a cigar. "Long-winded old boy, for his age. What's he talking about?"

"My Spanish," replied Vincenti, "runs about ten words to the minute; his is something around two hundred. Whatever he's saying, he's getting them warmed up."

"Friends and brothers," General Pilar was saying, "could I reach out my hand this day across the lamentable silence of the grave to Olivarra 'the Good,' to the ruler who was one of you, whose tears fell when you sorrowed, and whose smile followed your joy—I would bring him back to you, but—Olivarra is dead—dead at the hands of a craven assassin!"

The speaker turned and gazed boldly into the carriage of the President. His arm remained extended aloft as if to sustain his peroration. The President was listening, aghast, at this remarkable address of welcome. He was sunk back upon his seat,

trembling with rage and dumb surprise, his dark hands tightly gripping the carriage cushions.

"Who says that Olivarra is dead?" suddenly cried the speaker, his voice, old as he was, sounding like a battle trumpet. "His body lies in the grave, but, to the people he loved he has bequeathed his spirit—yes, more—his learning, his courage, his kindness—yes, more—his youth, his image—people of Costaragua, have you forgotten the son of Olivarra?"

Cronin and Vincenti, watching closely, saw Dicky Maloney suddenly raise his hat, tear off his shock of red hair, leap up the steps and stand at the side of General Pilar. The Minister of War laid his arm across the young man's shoulders. All who had known President Olivarra saw again his same lion-like pose, the same frank, undaunted expression, the same high forehead with the peculiar line of the clustering, crisp black hair.

General Pilar was an experienced orator. He seized the moment of breathless silence that preceded the storm.

"Citizens of Costaragua," he trumpeted, holding aloft the keys to Casa Morena, "I am here to deliver these keys—the keys to your homes and liberty—to your chosen President. Shall I deliver them to Enrico Olivarra's assassin, or to his son?"

"Olivarra! Olivarra!" the crowd shrieked and howled. All vociferated the magic name—men, women, children and the parrots.

And the enthusiasm was not confined to the blood of the plebs. Colonel Rocas ascended the steps and laid his sword theatrically at young Ramon Olivarra's feet. Four members of the cabinet embraced him. Captain Cruz gave a command and twenty of El Ciento Huilando dismounted and arranged themselves in a cordon about the steps of Casa Morena.

But Ramon Olivarra seized that moment to prove himself a born genius and politician. He waved those soldiers aside, and descended the steps to the street. There, without losing his dignity or the distinguished elegance that the loss of his red hair brought him, he took the proletariat to his bosom—the barefooted, the dirty, Indians, Caribs, babies, beggars, old, young, saints, soldiers and sinners—he missed none of them.

While this act of the drama was being produced the scene-shifters had been busy at the duties assigned them. Two of Cruz's dragoons had seized the bridle reins of Presi-

dent Zarilla's horses, others formed a close guard, and they galloped off with the tyrant and his two malodorous ministers. No doubt a place had been prepared for them. There are quite a number of well-barred stone apartments in Puerto Rey.

"Rouge wins," said Mr. Vincenti, calmly lighting another cigar.

Captain Cronin had been intently watching the vicinity of the steps for some time.

"Good boy!" he exclaimed, suddenly, as if relieved. "I was wondering if he was going to forget his Kathleen Mavourneen."

Young Olivarra had reascended the steps and spoken a few words to General Pilar. That distinguished veteran descended to the walk and approached Pasa, who still stood, calm and wonder-eyed, where Dicky had left her. With his hat in his hand, and his medals and decorations shining on his breast, the general gave her his arm, and they went up the steps together. And then Ramon Olivarra stepped forward and took both her hands before all the people.

And while the cheering was breaking out

afresh everywhere Captain Cronin and Mr. Vincenti turned and walked back toward the landing where the ship's gig was waiting for them.

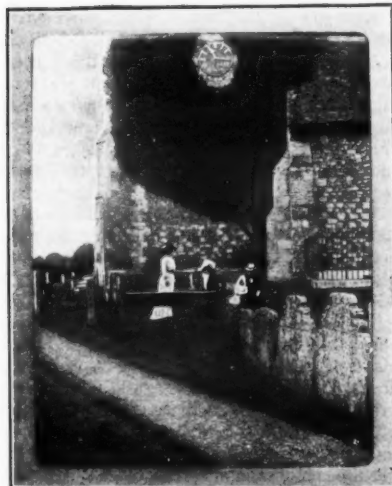
"There'll be another *Presidente proclamada* in the morning," said Vincenti, musingly. "As a rule, they are not as reliable as the elected ones. But this youngster seems to have good stuff in him. He planned and maneuvered the whole campaign. Olivarra's widow, you know, was wealthy. She gave the boy eight years of the best education in the States. The company hunted him up and backed him in the little game."

"It's a glorious thing," said Cronin, half jestingly, "to be able to discharge a government and insert one of your own choosing, these days."

"It's business," stated Vincenti, stopping to offer his cigar to a monkey swinging from a lime tree; "and that is what moves the world of to-day. That extra *real* on the price of bananas had to go. We took the quickest way of removing it."

MELBA AT HOME

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG



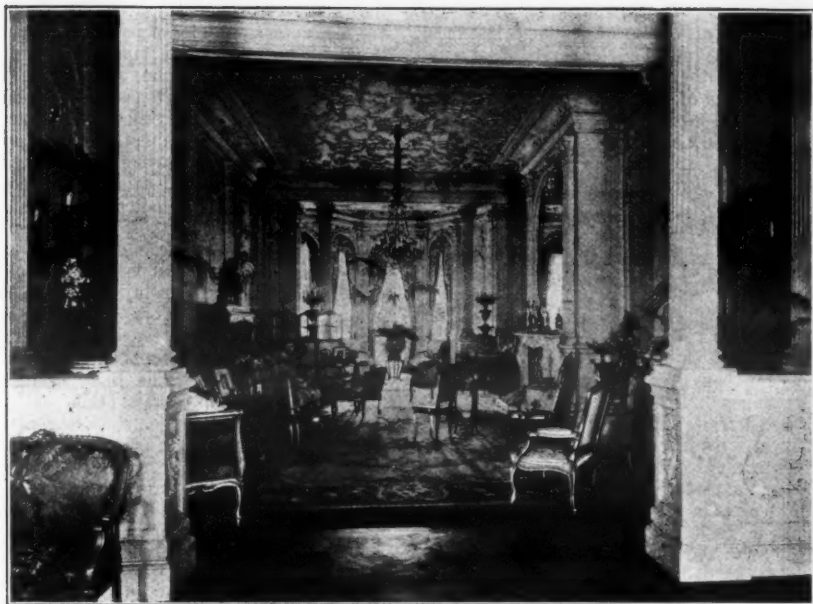
Madame Melba at Cookham Church, Which Bears the Oldest Growth of Ivy in England.

IT is natural that the people who have least opportunity to live at home should most appreciate home. Singers and actresses on tour take infinite pains to make the room in the hotel homelike for the two or three days they are to abide there. The same solicitude is shown in the furnishing of their dressing-rooms, especially if they are to play a long engagement.

Madame Melba is attached to her home above all else, not alone because of the pilgrim character of her calling, but also because her natural domestic talents were cultivated in youth. Her father positively objected to her leanings toward a professional career. It was all right for her to play the organ in the parish church and to sing there. But to become a public singer! When she made arrangements to give a public concert her father prevailed with his friends and hers to discourage her ambition by refusing to buy any tickets. Only two persons of those the family knew refused to be influenced by the father's plea and the

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The Drawing Room of Madame Melba's London Home.

future prima donna sang her programme through pluckily, with deficit staring at her from a host of empty chairs. That was one of the first obstacles in her career, and one of the least, as she learned later. But her determination grew as she fought her way, and with all the variety and attraction of life that the rare distinction of her lot may procure, her strongest aspiration is for her home and the tried friends that add to its charm.

Whether one enters first Madame Melba's town house in Great Cumberland Place, London, or her villa at Quarry Wood on the Thames, the earliest impression is that one is not in England. Both places have exteriorly a British flavor, but inside one breathes the atmosphere of the cosmopolite. Then there is the reflection of personality common to all homes, which in the instance of Madame Melba means a frank good-fellowship and hospitality. For more than ten years she searched in out-of-the-way corners for furniture, pictures, brocades. Her bric-à-brac is largely a collection of souvenirs as is Madame Patti's, so that each bit bears the individual interest associated with the giver.

In her town house the drawing-room and

music room which constitute together with the boudoir one suite, are always cheerful with flowers and palms. Plenty of light is let in through an unusually liberal supply of window space, and the glow is heightened by yellow moiré hangings and the cream white of the walls that are reproductions of those in the palace at Versailles. Madame Melba has searched through antiquity shops to some purpose, for the flood of light is neutralized by the tones of old brocades that cover the Louis XV. chairs and couches. Imagine the drawing-room and music-room banked with flowers, the gilt sconces and crystal chandeliers alight on the occasion of an evening party, when the musical programme is given by the hostess and a group of celebrities whose presence at one time behind the footlights would mean a struggle for life at the box office.

The grand piano of a great singer is generally the shrine that holds her most treasured possessions. Here Madame Melba has placed the decorations given to her by the King of Belgium, the King of Sweden, the medals from the Donizetti festival at Bergamo, from Brussels, from the Paris Conservatory, and from Australia. Back of these are autograph portraits of Gounod,

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who wrote, "To the charming Juliette of my hope"; of Verdi; of Madame Marchesi, and of Puccini, the composer of "La Bohème." Other autograph portraits are there, a kind of royal gallery, including that of King Edward VII., of Queen Alexandra, of the Duke of Clarence, of the Duke of Cornwall and York, of the Duke of Cambridge, of the King of Sweden, and of the King of Saxony. They are souvenirs of occasions when Madame Melba has sung for these great personages. Her own portrait and bust are evidences of interest in two of her countrymen. The bust in the music room was made by Bertram Mackennal, and the portrait was painted by Rupert Bonney, whose two pictures in the Paris salon this year have received favorable mention.

For painters Madame Melba has much admiration, and for writers a kind of reverence. One somehow never associates books with great singers; in their journeyings the costumes leave so little space for works of literature in their trunks. Madame Melba's favorite books may be seen at her home on a little table by the fireplace. There is an easy-chair near it, and the pages of Rossetti, Shelley, Keats, and Fitzgerald's Omar show that they have been read.

The library is the assembly room of the household, and there Madame Melba does a good deal of her studying to the accompaniment of a grand piano set between the windows. During the season Bemberg, the South American composer, Tosti, and a score more from one part or other of the world call to have her try their new songs. One of the composers of this group that the singer takes an interest in is Miss Wieniawski, a daughter of the great violinist. There is a certain pathos in the things that she has written that appeals to Madame Melba as the pathos of the music of *Mimi* in "La Bohème" appeals to her.

This rôle of *Mimi* has opened up a new phase of expression for Madame Melba. The way in which she takes the part illustrates

the quality of sympathy and fellowship in her character. In impersonating it her pity is not for herself as the *Mimi* of the story, but for the girl of whom she is singing. She went through a major part of the opera one morning, playing her own accompani-

ment, for the days when she was organist in the church in Melbourne have left their training. The rôle did not seem to appeal to her as a rôle, but as the history of a girl's tragedy that profoundly moved her. The lines in which *Mimi* tells of her home in the attic, her poverty, and her loneliness, and later those that describe the coming of death Madame Melba did not sing. She spoke them.

She was telling of a woman whose suffering appealed to her as absolute reality, and the hindering music was discarded that the story might be grasped at once. She talked for a time of the rôle and her study of it with Puccini, the composer, saying finally, "People think it my best rôle; I love it."

There are no opportunities for the singer in *Mimi* of the kind that scintillate in *Lucia*. There are no occasions in it for display in other directions. It is the human depth of the rôle that attracts Madame Melba.

Five o'clock is an institution at Great Cumberland Place that generally sees gathered a group of people whose names are as familiar on one side of the ocean as the other. Lord Kitchener is a staunch admirer of Madame Melba, for all his reputed apathy toward the civilizing sex; Lord Charles Beresford is a visitor; Lord and Lady Cadogan, when they are home from Ireland; Mr. Alfred de Rothschild; the Duchess of Wellington; the Duchess of Sutherland; Lady de Grey, regarded as the closest friend of Queen Alexandra, and the mainstay of the Covent Garden opera; Joachim, the violinist—these and many others—call to drink a cup of tea at the hour when all London likes to remind itself of the happy fact that it has friends to be looked in upon.

Lying neglected in a cabinet in the library is a Visitors' Book, that Madame Melba once



In an Electric Launch on the Thames.
Madame Melba on the left; Haddon Chambers, the dramatist, in the foreground.

kept. It is a register of international celebrities. No longer in notice, the volume hints to one that at some past day collecting the autographs of the great of the earth became a bore.

The more practical side of Madame Melba is shown in the government of her household, which is under her immediate supervision from instructions about the menu for the day to admonitions about the care of her best china. To observe the housewifely phase of her character and to hear her sing *Juliette* the next evening is a contrast not without humor. In the extensive alterations she had made in the Great Cumberland Place residence Madame Melba points with pride to three details as the result of her own plans: The kitchen range, the plentiful window space, and the bath. Her bedroom adjoins the bath and contains a piece of furniture of historic interest, the bed of the son of Marie Antoinette. The woodwork of the bed is covered partly with the same gray moiré, brocaded with rosebuds, that covered the pillow the boy pressed before he entered the sleep of the longer forgetfulness.

Singers, more than the majority of people, have an excuse for being self-centered.

Their gifts are not calculated to make them, as painters are of necessity, dependent upon extraneous things. Their art is all within themselves and demands recognition in the moment of achievement or not at all. There is no to-morrow with the singer, as there may be with the colorist. The public settles its debt at the end of the song, and, as a great singer has said cynically: "If the singer does not please she has no reason to exist."

If she does please, the story is another, and the fact remains that she does it by a something within her and independent of extraneous help. If a singer succeeds to the degree that Madame Melba has succeeded that success is, of itself, well calculated to make the artist self-centered. That is exactly what Madame Melba is not. She is too busily interested in everything that comes up to have any great amount of time to think about herself. When her personal rights are affected she holds her own quite nicely, but she never seems to be on the lookout to find them affected. Nothing gives better evidence that Madame Melba is free from an unwholesome egotism than the generous interest she takes in helping others.



The Music Room in Madame Melba's London Home.

She has not returned to Melbourne since the day she said good-by to the city, from whose name she derived her *nom de théâtre*. Yet she has never forgotten her old home, and not one of her country-people in art or letters that comes to London fails to secure the

there are moments when tact is thrown to the winds. "Madame Melba," said a reporter for a certain paper, "if you won't give me an interview I will fake one."

"Then fake," was the laconic reply.

"Did you read what you are supposed to have said?" some one asked her later.

"If I read everything they print about me," said Melba, "do you suppose I could sing?"

The denizens of Great Marlow and the neighborhood of Quarry Wood cottage, Madame Melba's corner of rest, tell an after-dinner story of the prima donna which they think so good that it is produced generally as soon as a stranger arrives. The impression of many of them is that Madame Melba is a creature of temper and caprice. It is less entertaining but the fact, that the great singer is limited in both temper and caprice. Temper affects her voice and caprice affects her temper. So far as her good sense controls, in-



Punting on the Thames.

encouragement of Madame Melba. And though her sympathy is very sensitive, her discretion is shrewd, so that she is not a prey to the unworthy. She is also very quick to observe and not afraid to state frankly what she has seen.

There are times, though, when silence, the best friend in a difficult situation, helps her out as it helps few other musical artists. She was singing once at a hospital benefit concert. The audience was one that had bought its tickets, as sometimes happens, through a greater love for charity than for music. Her best numbers were received with a scant applause that, compared to her accustomed share, seemed little short of silence. Nurses from the favored institution occupied the two front rows. They sat without raising a hand, as though witnessing an operation. What did Madame Melba say? Only this: Seeing a clothes basket full of flowers that the ladies of the committee had kindly sent her she remarked, "It seems a pity to put flowers in a basket that would do so nicely for something else."

The great singer is isolated from the world in general and in certain directions dependent for information upon the narrow circle in which she lives. When her course in a situation requires especial tact Madame Melba questions those whom she trusts that she may thoroughly understand things. But

indulgence in both feminine luxuries must be eschewed in order that the duties of her profession, which is her instinct, may be fulfilled. Some stories are worth telling because they are not true. This one pictures the stage manager from Covent Garden hastening by rail and water to the preserve in Quarry Wood that sheltered the singer of wonderful power. She has been billed for this evening's opera and has failed to appear in London. The stage manager has come to plead on his knees, if necessary, that she return with him to the theatre. She is not in the cottage at Quarry Wood, and searching parties fail to discover her in the grounds. The stage manager, tearing his hair in approved operatic style, wanders under the trees and across lawns, wailing beseechingly: "Madame Melba! Madame Melba!" The famous singer, hidden in a secret bower, allows the stage manager to rave, while she calmly debates whether the people of London shall hear her voice or not.

The truth of the matter is that Madame Melba invariably goes up to London the day prior to an operatic appearance and dines quietly in Great Cumberland Place. The day on which she is to sing she denies herself to visitors. After the performance is over she boards a special train to Great Marlow that she may wake up in the sun-

shine of the country instead of in the silvery mist of a London summer morning.

Life at Quarry Wood is strongly in contrast with that at Great Cumberland Place. Only Madame Melba's intimate friends are invited here, where she tries to get the rest necessary to carry her through the next season's musical campaign. The only reminder of the world outside is the little steamer, that passes occasionally on its run from Richmond to Oxford, that takes a couple of days.

Senator Depew declares Quarry Wood to be one of the most beautiful spots in the world. He came down from London one afternoon to call and was regretting his departure.

"Then stay," said Madame Melba, hospitably.

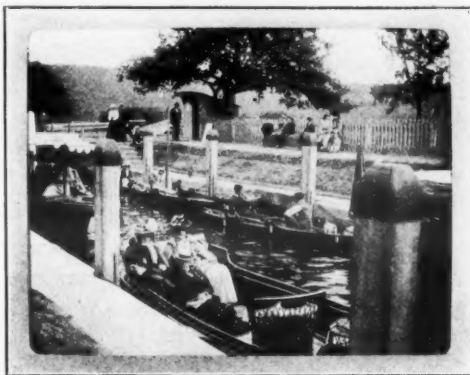
"My luggage," said Mr. Depew, deprecatingly.

"We'll go shopping for some," put in the singer, resourcefully.

The electric launch was at the landing presently, and Madame Melba, her sister and her guest started for Great Marlow to stock an improvised dressing-case. And the streets that had seen Anne of Cleves pass on her way to Bisham Abbey, saw the shopping expedition of Lucia and the Senator. All Saints' churchyard near Great Marlow lock is a favorite haunt of Madame Melba's on summer afternoons. The site of the church held its original buildings in the first half of the twelfth century, and the quaint epitaphs on the tombstones that the singer puzzles to decipher are half obliterated by moss.

The busier one's life, the greater the glare of publicity, the stronger is the contrast that means rest. Great Marlow is inviolate of tourists invaders. The sole attraction of the place is the beauty of the surroundings. It is not difficult to understand the solace of such an environment to a singer after months of the footlights and of travel. During the period that a singer is before the public it is not alone the tension of her work that wears on her nerves, but also the strain and friction incident to the career. That singers, as a natural result, are not the same as people that live under less exacting conditions the

public rarely remembers. Madame Melba suffers less in the trial of her profession than most singers because of her abundant sense, her good nature and her splendid nervous constitution. She is fortunate in the promptness of reaction after a severe



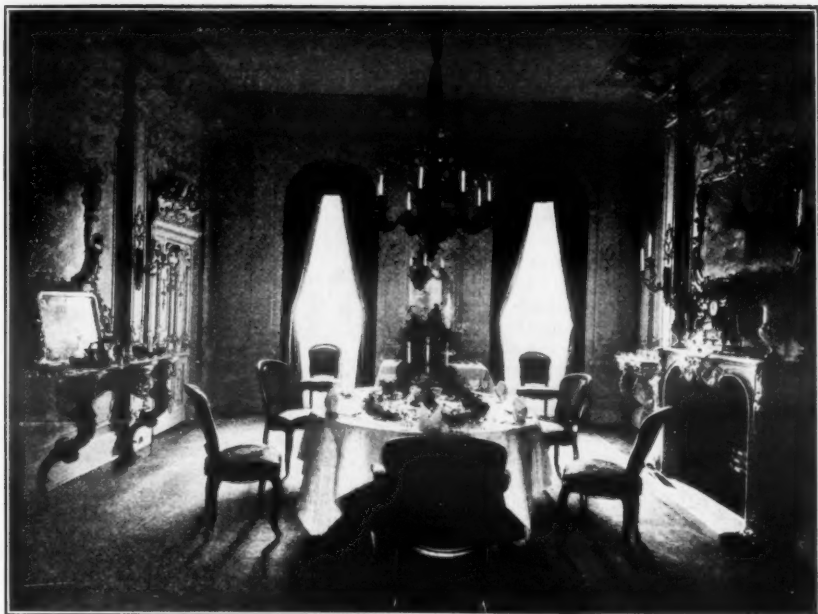
In the Locks.

shock. One night when she was singing in San Francisco a cry of fire was raised in the theatre. Immediately a panic ensued. Madame Melba had been singing, and at the awful sight of the horror-struck audience she fell senseless. She was carried from the theatre



Five O'Clock Tea on the Lawn.

to her carriage. On the way to the hotel she began to recover, and so speedily did equilibrium assert itself that, instead of spending the night under the care of physicians she ate a hearty supper with the friends that came to inquire about her condition.



The Dining Room in Madame Melba's London Home.

The great recreation—for life is rather a lotus-eating affair at Great Marlow—is boating on the Thames. Madame Melba goes out in her launch morning, noon and night, sometimes even in a rain shower amid the grateful scent of growing things. To American eyes the scenery here has a touch of stage setting; the smooth cropped lawns, Italian villas, and Queen Anne cottages, look like so many pictures, softened or brilliant as the light affects them. Sometimes the swans follow the boat as it cuts the shadows along the bank. One companion Madame Melba generally has in these voyages, her little Australian niece and namesake, and a venturesome one, who tries to pick the reflections out of the water and otherwise awakens in the singer the emotions of the conventional devoted aunt, inspired by the conventional small niece. It is easy to be interested in children at the age when they look out for themselves, and in repeating stray utterances of their elders amaze us by their precocity. A surer testimony to the real love for little ones that is natural to Madame Melba I noted one morning when I reached Quarry Wood earlier than intended. Madame Melba was in the grounds, trundling

a perambulator that held her nephew, who was ill. That afternoon she was to go to London to sing *Juliette* on the following night. But she seemed to have nothing in mind save the care of the suffering baby.

In her cruises along the river, now and then Madame Melba lands to visit friends in a neighborly fashion or to stroll under the trees in the park of Bisham Abbey, a place that has its legend. Lady Hoby, one time mistress of the place, in a fit of rage murdered her little boy because he had blotted his copybooks. Now she does expiation by wandering in the moonlight, her face inky black, her trailing robes white, while as she walks she washes her hands in an imaginary basin floating before her.

Whether it is the result of early training or an inborn quality, Madame Melba is methodical. In the country, as elsewhere, she begins the day by answering letters, and a glimpse of a prima donna's mail is sometimes a surprising thing. There are appeals for help, always more numerous to women singers because of their presupposed readiness of response; there are poems, and a proposal of marriage, perhaps, by way of variety, although these are not so frequent

in England as in more impressionable America.

Some letters answer themselves, and the poems and proposals come nicely under this head, but there are young singers writing for advice or to beg a hearing; there are friends in the four quarters of the globe, who not uncommonly choose the same date for writing, and there are letters from managers whose plans for the next season have by midsummer taken definite shape. All these are letters that do not answer themselves. The young singers come down to Quarry Wood occasionally, and, true to her promise, Madame Melba, who holds rather a masculine view of promises—that is that they should be kept on the day for which they are made—hears them sing. Once in a while she turns to and gives them a lesson that lasts half the afternoon. Her own studying is done in the morning, and extends daily, as a rule, until the end of July, which brings the close of the Covent Garden season. In addition, there are preparations for private appearances at Mr. Astor's, her neighbor at Cliveden, at the Duchess of Sutherland's, at Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's and many other houses where

she sings generally once during the English season.

Five o'clock tea is not the function at Quarry Wood that it is in Great Cumberland Place, but there is generally a celebrity or two on the lawn when it is served. The dining-room has a hospitable air, due in part to a sideboard that takes up one wall of the apartment and a fireplace that takes up another. Leading from it to the lawn is a broad, low window, which frames a view of the Thames. After a dinner party the guests go out on the river in punts, and the gleam of light evening gowns and jewels in the night makes a picture. Later there is music in the drawing-room, and when Madame Melba sings, the boats from neighboring houses steal up to the edge of the lawn, like strange beings coming out of the dark. Their shapes lie silhouetted against the silvery water under a dead blue sky, thick with stars, of an English summer night. By eleven o'clock the last light is out at the cottage, and the day is over. The only sound then is the bell of Great Marlow church striking the hour, or at intervals, the singing of the nightingales that abound in the Quarry Wood.



Madame Melba's Bedroom in Her London Home.
The bed is that of the son of Marie Antoinette.



"When Captain Hiram walked into the post office on the morning of the twenty-sixth of December, . . ."

DUSENBERRY'S BIRTHDAY

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

WHEN Captain Hiram walked into the post office on the morning of the twenty-sixth of December, eighteen hundred and ninety odd, it was evident that he was doing his best not to appear duly proud. But an astute observer would have noticed that his hat was tilted toward his left ear in an unusually rakish manner, and that the pipe in his mouth canted up to meet the hat. Of the crowd, waiting for the mail, Obed Nickerson was the first to espy the captain.

"Hey, boys!" he shouted, "here he comes, all sail sot and colors flyin'."

"Hello, dad!" hailed Jonadab Baxter. "How's the firm of Hiram Baker and Son this mornin'?"

"Jest look at that hat," said Jerry Burgess. "He ain't stuck up! Oh, no!"

The captain acknowledged these salutations with a broad grin and a wave of the hand.

"Firm's doin' fust rate," he said, in reply to Jonadab's query. "The new partner ain't a silent one, that's sartin'."

This witticism was received with an uproarious shout, and the captain passed on in triumph to the postmaster's little window.

"Jest put that in the mail, will yer, Sam," he said, tossing a letter inside.

Sam Taylor, the postmaster, caught the letter on the fly and glanced at the envelope.

"Well, well, fellers," he chuckled, putting his head out through the window, "Cap'n Hiram's mailin' a letter ter the editor of the Cape Cod *Item*. Cal'late we all know what's inside."

"You bet we do!" roared Obed; "I can read it right through the envelope from here. 'Born, in Orham, December twenty-fifth, to Hiram and Sophrony Baker, a son.' Ain't that right, Hiram?"

"Reckon I'll git you a job up ter some of the Boston dime musyums as a mind reader, Obed. You've hit it fust time tryin'. Yer see," he added, in explanation, "this is consider'ble the best Christmas present Sophrony and me ever had, and we kinder want ter advertise it."

A baby with the good taste to be born on Christmas Day deserves an advertisement, and when that baby comes to answer the heart-longings of a child-loving couple that have been married a good many years, that baby deserves even a better advertisement than a notice in the Cape Cod *Item*. The

junior partner of the firm of "Hiram Baker and Son" was accepted as a special dispensation of Providence and valued accordingly.

"He's got a reel nice voice, Hiram," said Sophronia, gazing proudly at the prodigy, who, clutched gingerly in his father's big hands, was screaming his little red face black. "I shouldn't wonder if he grew up to sing in the choir."

"That's the kind of voice ter make a fo'mast hand step lively!" declared Hiram. "Yer'll see this boy on the quarter deck of a clipper one er these days."

Naming him was a portentous proceeding and one not to be lightly gone about. Sophronia, who was a Methodist by descent and early confirmation, was of the opinion that the child should have a Bible name. "Bein' born on Christmas so, too."

The captain respected his wife's wishes, but put in an ardent plea for his own name, Hiram.

"There's ben a Hiram Baker in our family ever since Noah h'isted the main-r'yal on the ark," he declared. "I'd kinder like ter keep the percession a-goin'."

They compromised by agreeing to make the baby's Christian name Hiram and to add a middle name selected at random from the Scriptures. The big, rickety family Bible was taken from the center table and opened with shaking fingers by Mrs. Baker. She read aloud the first sentence that met her eye: "The son of Joash."

"Joash!" sneered her husband. "Yer ain't goin' ter cruelize him with that name, be yer?"

"Hiram Baker, do you dare ter fly in the face of Scriptur'?"

"All right! Have it your own way. Go ter sleep now, Hiram Joash, while I sing 'Storm along, John,' to yer."

Little Hiram Joash punched the minister's face with his fat fist when he was christened, to the great scandal of his mother and the ill-concealed delight of his father.

"Can't blame the child none," declared the captain, "I'd punch anybody that christened a middle name like that onter me."

But, in spite of his name the baby grew and prospered. He fell out of his crib, of course, the moment that he was able, and barked his shins over the big shells by the what-not in the parlor the first time that he essayed to creep. He teathed with more or less tribulation, and once upset the household by an attack of the croup.

They gave up calling him by his first

name, because of the captain's invariably answering when the baby was wanted and not answering when he himself was wanted. Sophronia would have liked to call him Joash, but her husband wouldn't hear of it. At length the father took to calling him Dusenberry, and this nickname was adopted under protest.

Captain Hiram sang the baby to sleep every night. There were three songs in the captain's repertoire. The first was a chanty with a chorus of:

"John, storm along, storm along, John,
Ain't I glad my day's work 's done."

The second was the "Bowline Song."

"Haul on the bowline, the 'Phrony is a-rollin',
Haul on the bowline! the bowline haul!"

At the "haul!" the captain's foot would come down with a thump. Almost the first word little Hiram Joash learned was "haul!" He used to shout it and kick his father vigorously in the vest.

These were fair-weather songs. Captain Hiram sang them when everything was going smoothly. The "Bowline Song" indicated that he was feeling particularly jubilant. He had another that he sang when he was worried. It was a lugubrious ditty, with a refrain beginning:

"Oh, sailor boy, sailor boy, 'neath the wild billow,
Thy grave is yawnin' and waitin' fer thee."

He sang this during the worst of the teething period and, later, when the junior partner wrestled with the whooping cough. You could always tell the state of the baby's health by the captain's choice of songs.

Meanwhile Dusenberry grew and prospered. He learned to walk and to talk, after his own peculiar fashion, and, at the mature age of two years and six months, formally shipped as first mate aboard his father's dory. His duties in this responsible position were to sit in the stern, securely fastened by a strap, while the captain and his two assistants rowed out over the bar to haul the nets of the deep water fish weir.

The first mate gave the orders, "All hands on deck! Tand by ter det ship under way!" There was no "sogerin'" aboard the *Hiram Junior*—that was the dory's name—while the first officer had command.

During this particular summer Dusenberry lost one of his best friends, although he didn't know it. Dr. Ryder, the Orham physician, died, and Dr. Bailey came to take his practice. Dr. Ryder had been old,

chatty and experienced. Dr. Bailey was young, as fresh as his diploma, and made up a lack of experience by impressive dignity and self-confidence.

Obed Nickerson said of him, sacrilegiously, "There's two bein's in the universe that a feller can count on as knowin' it all; one's Dr. Bailey, and t'other's the Lord."

On the following Christmas, Dusenberry was to be three years old, and the captain and Sophronia planned to celebrate. Previous Christmases had meant but little to the first mate, but he was looking forward to this one. He knew about Santa Claus and about Christmas presents, and had ideas of his own on the latter subject. He wanted Santa to bring him a "twuly boat wiv sails, not a tin one wiv wollers," so the captain spent his evenings in the kitchen, whittling, sandpapering and rigging, while his wife was busy stringing popcorn and cranberries for the tree. Also, hid in the garret, were a drum and a rocking-horse and tin soldiers, and goodness knows what.

Dusenberry's birthday, however, was not the only big Christmas celebration that Orham was to know that year. The Barrys were going to give a house party. That is to say, the big summer mansion on the Cliff Road was to be thrown open for a week, guests were coming from as far away as Chicago, a special train was to bring them from Boston, and there were to be coaching and dancing and grandeur galore.

Four days before Christmas the first mate complained of a sore throat, which was disturbing. At dinner time he refused to eat, which was without precedent and positively alarming. Dr. Bailey was sent for, and came, dignity and all. He pronounced the trouble to be a slight cold, left some pellets and a throat wash, and then left himself. That night Dusenberry was in a high fever and his throat was very bad. The captain sat beside his crib and sang "Sailor Boy" as a lullaby.

The doctor came again next day, after being sent for. The baby seemed slightly better then, although his throat was swollen. Dr. Bailey thought the patient might be suffering from a touch of tonsilitis; give gargle every two hours; if fever returns give teaspoonful spirits of nitre in half glass of water every hour. No—er—he apprehended nothing dangerous; he had seen many such cases in his—ahem—professional experience.

But the fever did return, and in spite of the experienced one's spirits of nitre, con-

tinued to increase; the throat trouble also grew worse, and before supper time it was evident that Hiram Joash was a very sick little boy. The captain had rushed up to the doctor's office, had found him out and had left word for him to hurry down the moment he came in, but he had not appeared. At five o'clock the captain made a second trip.

"The doctor's ben called out of town," said Mrs. Basset, the boarding-house keeper, who answered the bell. "He sent word up by 'Gas Newcomb's boy that he'd ben telegraphed fer by somebody over ter Harnissport some'eres, or East Harniss, I fergit which. Come ter think, I ain't sure but 'twas South Mashpaug; anyhow, 'twas some'eres out er town, and he took the hoss 'n' buggy and went. Said he wouldn't be back 'fore mornin'."

The captain returned home anxious and nervous. When he entered the sitting-room his wife came out of the chamber with a very white face.

"Hiram," she said, "he acts dreadful funny. Come in and see him."

The first mate was tossing back and forth on the bed, blazing red with fever, and making queer little choky noises in his swollen throat. When the captain came in he opened his eyes, stared unmeaningly and said, "Tand by ter det ship under way."

"Good Lord! he's out of his head!" gasped the captain. Sophronia and he stepped back into the sitting-room and looked at each other, the same thought expressed in the face of each. Neither spoke for a moment, then the captain said:

"Now, don't you worry, S'phrony. The doctor ain't come home yit, but I'm goin' out ter hunt him up. Keep a stiff upper lip. It'll be all right. God couldn't go back on us that way, yer know. He jest couldn't. I'll be back in a leetle while."

"But, oh, Hiram! if he should—if he should be took away, what would we do?"

"But he won't! I tell yer God couldn't do sich a thing. Good-by, I'll hurry back."

As he took up his hat from the chair where he had flung it and opened the outside door, he heard the voice of the weary little first mate chokily calling his crew to quarters: "All hands on deck!"

The evening train was on time that night for a wonder. It puffed up to the Orham station at exactly eight-twenty-five. One of the few passengers was a short, square-shouldered man with gray side whiskers and eyeglasses. The initials on his suit case

were J. S. M., Boston, and they stood for John Spencer Morgan. If the bearer of the suit case had followed the fashion of the native princes of India and had emblazoned his titles upon his baggage, the commonplace name just quoted might have been followed by "M.D., L.L.D. at Harvard and Oxford; vice-president American Medical Society, corresponding secretary Associated Society of Surgeons; lecturer at Harvard Medical College; author of 'Diseases of the Throat and Lungs,' etc., etc."

But Dr. Morgan was not given to advertising either his titles or himself, and he was hurrying across the platform to Solon Mullett's depot wagon when Captain Hiram ran out of the telegraph office and touched him on the arm.

"Why, hello, Captain Baker," exclaimed the doctor, "how do you do?"

"Dr. Morgan," said the captain, "I—I hope yer'll excuse my presumin' on yer this way, but I want ter ask a favor of yer, a great favor. I want ter ask if you'll come down ter the house and see the boy; he's on the sick list."

"What, Dusenberry?"

"Yes, sir. He's purty bad, I'm 'fraid, and the old lady's considerable upst about him. If you'd jest come down and kinder take an observation, so's we could sorter

git our bearin's, as yer might say, 'twould be a mighty help ter all hands."

"But where's your town physician? Hasn't he been called?"

The captain explained. He had inquired, and he had telegraphed, but could get no word of Dr. Bailey's whereabouts.

To tell the truth, Dr. Bailey was on his way to Miss Gertrude Doane's musicale and dance at Harm's Center. He had wavered between duty and inclination all that day, but at length inclination got the upper hand. Dr. Bailey went to the dance and invented the story of the telegram from an out-of-town patient to cover his going.

The great Boston specialist listened to Captain Hiram's story in an absent-minded way. Holidays were few and far between with him, and

when he accepted Mr. Barry's invitation to the house party he determined to forget the science of medicine and all that pertained to it for the four days of his outing. But an exacting patient had detained him long enough to prevent his taking the special train that morning, and now, on the moment of his belated arrival, he was asked to pay a professional call. He liked the captain, who had taken him out fishing several times on his previous excursions to Orham, and he remembered Dusenberry as a happy little sea urchin, but he simply couldn't interrupt



"Captain Hiram sang the baby to sleep every night."

his pleasure trip to visit a sick baby. Besides, the child was Dr. Bailey's patient, and professional ethics forbade interference.

"Captain Hiram," he said, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but it will be impossible for me to do what you ask. Mr. Barry is expecting me, and I am late already. Dr. Bailey will, no doubt, return soon. The baby cannot be dangerously ill or he would not have left him."

The captain slowly turned away.

"Thank yer, doctor," he said, huskily. "I knew I hadn't no right ter ask."

He walked across the platform, abstractedly striking his right hand into his left. When he reached the telegraph window he put one hand against the frame as if to steady himself, and stood there listlessly.

The enterprising Mr. Mullett had been hanging about the doctor like a cat about the cream pitcher; now he rushed up, grasped the suit case, and officiously led the way toward the depot wagon. Dr. Morgan followed more slowly. As he passed the captain he glanced up into the latter's face, lighted, as it was, by the lamp inside the window.

The doctor stopped and looked again. Then he took another step forward, hesitated, turned on his heel, and said:

"Wait a moment, Mullett. Captain Hiram, do you live far from here?"

The captain started. "No, sir, only a leetle way."

"All right. I'll go down and look at this boy of yours. Mind you, I'll not take the case, simply give my opinion on it, that's all. Mullett, take my grip to Mr. Barry's. I'm going to walk down with the captain."

"Haul on ee bowline, ee bowline, haul!" muttered the first mate, as they came into the room. The lamp that Sophronia was holding shook, and the captain hurriedly brushed his eyes with the back of his hand.

Dr. Morgan started perceptibly as he bent forward to look at the little fevered face of Dusenberry. Graver and graver he became as he felt the pulse and peered into the swollen throat. At length he rose and led the way back into the sitting-room.

"Captain Baker," he said, simply, "I must ask you and your wife to be brave. The child has diphtheria and——"

"Diphthery!" gasped Sophronia, as white as her best table cloth.

"Good Lord above!" cried the captain.

"Diphtheria," repeated the doctor; "and, although I dislike extremely to criticize a

member of my own profession, I must say that any physician should have recognized it. It is a severe case, a very critical case."

Sophronia groaned and covered her face with her apron.

"Ain't there—ain't there no chance, doctor?" gasped the captain.

"Yes, there is a chance; one chance. If I could administer anti-toxine by to-morrow noon the patient might recover. What time does the morning train from Boston arrive here?"

"Ha'f-past ten er thereabouts."

Dr. Morgan took his notebook from his pocket and wrote a few lines in pencil on one of the pages. Then he tore out the leaf and handed it to the captain.

"Send that telegram immediately to my assistant in Boston," he said. "It directs him to send the anti-toxine by the early train. If nothing interferes it should be here in time."

Captain Hiram took the slip of paper and ran out at the door bareheaded.

Dr. Morgan stood in the middle of the floor absent-mindedly looking at his watch. Sophronia was gazing at him appealingly. At length he put his watch in his pocket and said quietly:

"Mrs. Baker, I must ask you to give me a room. I will take the case." Then he added, mentally, "And that settles my Christmas vacation."

Dr. Morgan's assistant was a young man whom nature had supplied with a prematurely bald head, a flourishing beard and a way of appearing ten years older than he really was. To these gifts, priceless to a young medical man, might be added boundless ambition and considerable common sense.

The yellow envelope which contained the few lines meaning life or death to little Hiram Joash Baker was delivered at Dr. Morgan's Back Bay office at ten minutes past ten. Dr. Payson—that was the assistant's name—was out, but Jackson, the colored butler, took the telegram into his employer's office, laid it on the desk among the papers and returned to the hall to finish his nap in the arm-chair. When Dr. Payson came in, at eleven-thirty, the sleepy Jackson forgot to mention the dispatch.

The next morning as Jackson was cleaning the professional boots in the kitchen and chatting with the cook, the thought of the yellow envelope came back to his brain. He went up the stairs with such precipita-



"'Captain Baker,' he said simply, 'I must ask you and your wife to be brave. The child has diphtheria and——'"

tion that the cook screamed, thinking he had a fit.

"Doctah! doctah!" he exclaimed, opening the door of the assistant's chamber, "did you git dat telegraft I lef' on your desk las' night?"

"What telegraph?" asked the assistant, sleepily. By way of answer Jackson hurried out and returned with the yellow envelope. The assistant opened it and read as follows:

"Send 1,500 units Diphtheritic Serum to me by morning train. Don't fail. Utmost importance.

"J. S. MORGAN."

Dr. Payson sprang out of bed, and running to the table took up the Railway Guide, turned to the pages devoted to the O. C. and C. C. Railroad and ran his finger down the printed tables. The morning train for Cape Cod left at seven-ten. It was six-forty-five at that moment. As has been

said, the assistant had considerable common sense. He proved this by wasting no time in telling the forgetful Jackson what he thought of him. He sent the latter after a cab and proceeded to dress in double-quick time. Ten minutes later he was on his way to the station with the little wooden case containing the precious anti-toxine, wrapped and addressed, in his pocket.

It was seven by the Arlington Street Church clock as the cab rattled down Boylston Street. A tangle of a trolley car and a market wagon delayed it momentarily at Harrison Avenue and Essex Street. Dr. Payson, leaning out as the carriage swung into Dewey Square, saw by the big clock on the Union Station that it was seven-thirteen. He had lost the train.

Now, the assistant had been assistant long enough to know that excuses—in the ordinary sense of the word—did not pass current

with Dr. Morgan. That gentleman had telegraphed for anti-toxine, and said it was important that he should have it; therefore, anti-toxine must be sent in spite of time-tables and forgetful butlers. Dr. Payson went into the waiting-room and sat down to think. After a moment's deliberation he went over to the ticket office and asked:

"What is the first stop of the Cape Cod express?"

"Brockboro," answered the ticket seller.

"Is the train usually on time?"

"Well, I should smile. That's Charlie Mills' train, and the old man ain't been conductor on this road twenty-two years for nothin'."

"Mills? Does he live on Shawmut Avenue?"

"Dunno. Billy, where does Charlie Mills live?"

"Somewhere at the South End. Shawmut Avenue, I think."

"Thank you," said the assistant, and, helping himself to a time-table, he went back rejoicing to his seat in the waiting-room. He had stumbled upon an unexpected bit of luck.

There might be another story written in connection with this one; the story of a veteran railroad man whose daughter had been very, very ill with a dreaded disease of the lungs, and who, when other physicians had given up hope, had been brought back to health by a celebrated specialist of our acquaintance. But this story cannot be told just now; suffice it to say that Conductor Charlie Mills had vowed that he would put his neck beneath the wheels of his own express train, if by so doing he could confer a favor on Dr. John Spencer Morgan.

The assistant saw by his time-table that the Cape Cod express reached Brockboro at eight-five. He went over to the telegraph office and wrote two telegrams. The first read like this:

"Calvin A. Wise,
The People's Drug Store,
28 Broad St., Brockboro, Mass."

"Send package 1,500 units Diphtheritic Serum marked with my name to station. Hand to Conductor Mills, Cape Cod express. Train will wait. Matter life and death."

The second telegram was to Conductor Mills. It read:

"Hold train Brockboro to await arrival C. A. Wise. Great personal favor. Very important."

Both of these dispatches were signed with the magic name, "J. S. Morgan, M.D."

"Well," said the assistant as he rode back to his office, "I don't know whether Wise will get the stuff to the train in time, or whether Mills will wait for him, but at any rate I've done my part. I hope breakfast is ready, I'm hungry."

Mr. Wise, of the "People's Drug Store," had exactly two minutes in which to cover the three-quarters of a mile to the station. As a matter of course, he was late. Inquiring for Conductor Mills, he was met by a red-faced man in uniform, who, watch in hand, demanded what in the vale of eternal torment he meant by keeping him waiting eight minutes.

"Do you realize," demanded the red-faced man, "that I'm liable to lose my job? I'll have

you to understand that if any other man than Doc. Morgan asked me to hold up the Cape Cod express, I'd tell him to go right plumb to——"

Here Mr. Wise interrupted to hand over



"She was a wonder, that boat. Red hull, real lead on the keel, brass rings on the masts, reef-points on the main and foresail, jib, flying-jib and topsails, all complete."

the package and explain that it was a matter of life and death. Conductor Mills only grunted as he swung aboard the train.

"Hump her, Jim," he said to the engineer; "she's got to make up those eight minutes."

And Jim did.

That evening Captain Hiram and Sophronia were busy in the sitting-room. There was a Christmas tree in a tub, and Mrs. Baker was hanging upon it the ropes of popcorn and cranberries that she had so industriously strung. The captain was unwrapping certain mysterious packages brought from the garret, which, as the coverings were removed resolved themselves into a drum, a box of soldiers, a rocking-horse, and a dozen more treasures. Finally the captain went into the kitchen and brought forth his crowning triumph, the "twuly boat wiv sails."

She was a wonder, that boat. Red hull, real lead on the keel, brass rings on the masts, reef-points on the main and foresail, jib, flying-jib and topsails, all complete.

And on the stern was the name, "Dusenberry. Orham."

Captain Hiram set her down in front of the tree and, stepping back, gazed proudly upon the whole affair.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "won't his eyes stick out when he sees that rig, hey? Wisht he would be well enough ter see 'em ter-morrer, same as we planned."

"Well, Hiram," said Sophrony, "we hadn't oughter complain. We'd oughter be thankful he's goin' ter git well at all. Dr. Morgan says, thanks ter that blessed toxing stuff, he'll be up and around in a week or so."

"Sophrony," said her husband, "I told yer God wouldn't be cruel enough ter take him away. 'Twill be a merry Christmas after all."

And so this story tells how Fate, and the medical profession and the O. C. and C. C. Railroad combined to give little Hiram Joash Baker his birthday, and explains why, on the morning of Christmas Day, Captain Hiram was heard to sing heartily:

"Haul on the bowline, the 'Phrony is a-rollin',
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul!"

NOVEMBER

By E. L. SABIN

Ev'ry laggard leaf that lingers
In a mute despair,
Clutched by ruthless elfin fingers
Hurtles down the air.
Streaming 'neath the mad caresses
Of the wind and rain
Wild November's unbound tresses
Beat against the pane.

But I challenge rage and bluster
In my castled room.
Peace and Faith and Love I muster
Stout to front the gloom.
Cheerily the firelight flashes,
Mocking at the blast.
Close beside me she whose lashes
Hold my summer fast.

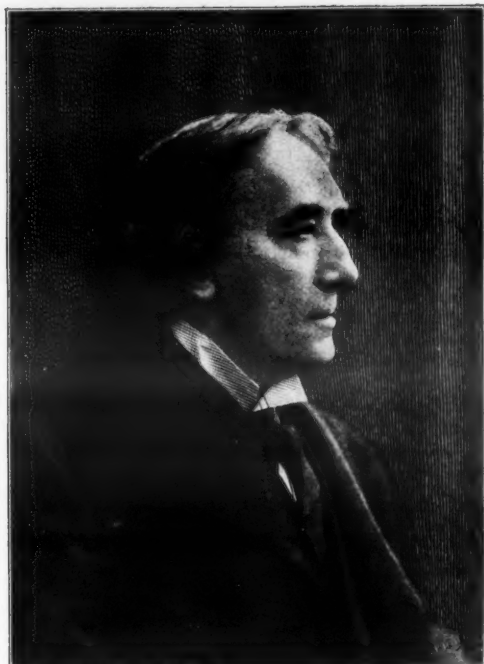


Photo copyright by Window & Grove.

Sir Henry Irving.

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

IT is difficult for a person of the pessimistic cast of mind to persuade himself that, although this world is really rather a hopeless one, yet it is the best he has ever lived in. If such a person have any the least interest in the theatre, it is next to impossible to make him understand that changes are in process, so subtle as to be almost secret, which are making for a most encouraging lift in the development of the American stage. It is true that, of native proven playwrights we have only two that are fully articulate: Augustus Thomas and Clyde Fitch. On the other hand, most of the plays made from novels during the past year have been American products entire. It is in this glutting supply of home-made books that we may discern the promise of our theatre. For a number of years in the past decade the novels and short stories of English writers exceeded those of our own

authors in popularity. But with the awakening sense of the superior richness and power of the United States came the demand for the novel about us and for the American novelist. And the American novelist has come in hundreds. Our good old bald-head eagle has been engaged by publishers, and his scream is set in type in a continent of advertising space. If you believe the eagle, you will be convinced that Cervantes, Fielding and Thackeray have been surpassed. Fortunately, these classic gentlemen are beyond caring. Of course, nobody has said that the novels we are producing are literature; not the same thing at all, but just as good for the purpose. There are readers who think "Janice Meredith" the greatest novel ever written, because in this book they saw for the first time Washington as he really was. Others there are who have never read any book about Lincoln, or

Grant, or Sherman except "The Crisis." It is plain then that these books must seem wonderful to such readers. To them they are storehouses of priceless treasure. Their gratitude to the authors is a feeling of debt, like in kind to the feeling Keats had toward Shakespeare. The cultured critic may in his spleen liken the authors to the early settlers of America who gave tawdry glass beads to the Indians in trade for furs. But these readers want only glass beads, they would reject diamonds; besides, the authors are persuaded in their hearts that they cannot produce any but the purest brilliants. You see this in their interviews.

The next appetite to be developed by the enormous population, whose hunger has procured for such men as Winston Churchill and Paul Leicester Ford a competence for life, will demand satisfaction in the theatre. The people will want drama and opera. Opera they have had for some



Burr McIntosh photo.

Eleanor Robson.

Leading lady for Kyrle Bellew, in "A Gentleman of France."



Kyrle Bellew.

Starring in "A Gentleman of France."

years in all the larger cities, through the medium of the Castle Square Opera Company. This organization is really unique. Much has been written about the inhuman wear of the stock company system which requires a different play each week. The Castle Square Company gives two operas each week, and thus far a case of nervous breakdown in the company has not been heard of. There is this to be said, however: The opera company does not rely on one group of principals. In the dramatic stock companies there is only one leading lady and one leading man. Perhaps if the managers were able to bear the expense of a duplicate cast of principals there would be less risk of serious illness in the companies. The Castle Square Opera Company has a much more comprehensive repertory than the Maurice Grau Opera Company. It does not pretend to have artists to be compared with the international choice of talent that Mr. Grau directs. But the Castle Square Company sings in English, all the year round, in various parts of the country, and at a very reasonable admission price.

It is true that our dramatic stock companies have been progressing rapidly during

the past few years; but they have done almost nothing in creative work. They have presented old-time successes in imitation as near as might be to the original performances. What we are in need of now is a director of such a company with perception and judgment sufficient to find good new plays. Every stock company in the country ought to make it a practice to produce at least two new plays by American authors during the season. Surely more than one decent money-making play would be unearthed somewhere between New York and San Francisco. The shrewd speculative



Schloss photo.

Sandol Milliken.

DOROTHY GRAY, in "The Liberty Belles."



Sarony photo.

Nora Dunblane.

MRS. WOODBRIDGE, in "Lovers' Lane."

owner of the stock company will tell you that he cannot afford to run a training school for playwrights, and that, besides, the chances in the game are too few. If you get to know this type of man better it is almost certain you will learn that away down in his heart he believes one can make money on the races, if only one play them sagely.

Of this season's plays that have been successful three owe success largely to the work of an actor in each. "The Auctioneer" was written as a medium for the first starring tour of David Warfield, the famous Hebrew impersonator. The play was recognized from the first as very commonplace, but the exquisite art of Mr. Warfield compensated for all drawbacks. Mr. Warfield's climb into the second rank of actors has been accomplished in a comparatively brief period. He came from San Francisco to New York a few years ago. The first engagement he secured here was on the stage of a dime museum. His clever impersonations invited the attention of managers, and his next step landed him in the variety theatres. From them he graduated into a minor part in one of the reviews at the Casino. Here his success was so sudden and also so genuine that it was not long before Weber & Fields secured him for their company. Mr. Warfield's work in this assembly of star burlesquers continued to be distinguished for artistic quality not only in Hebrew character, but in other rôles requiring a finer craft. Naturally, these ten years of success succeeding success mean that Mr. Warfield is, most of all, a



Sarony photo.

Josef Hofman.



Marceau photo.

S. Miller Kent.

Starring in "The Cowboy and the Lady."



Edwin T. Emery.

As SIMON TIBERIAS, in "A Voice From the Wilderness."



Burr McIntosh photo.

Helen Grantly.

Leading lady for Charles B. Hanford, in "The Taming of the Shrew."



Josephine Ludwig.

Of the Castle Square Opera Company.



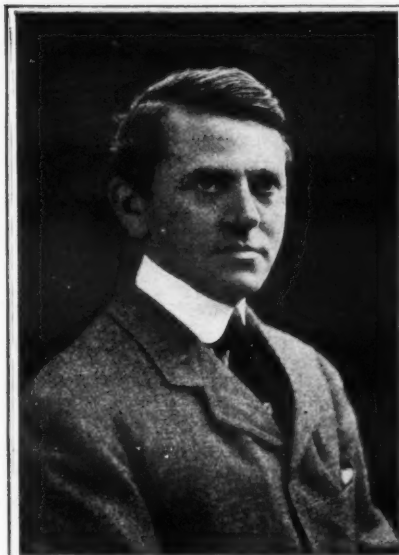
Harold MacGrath.

Author of "The Puppet Crown." One of the latest novels to be dramatized.

tireless worker. There is a great deal that he may yet achieve.

In the whole season no success will be acknowledged with more pleasure than that of J. H. Stoddart in "Beside the Bonnie Brierbush." There is little that is new in the play, but the production is adequate and the company well chosen. The work of Mr. Stoddart above all else is interesting, as probably *Lachlan Campbell* is the last part the veteran actor will create. That a play drawn from the "Brierbush" of Ian Maclaren should win popular applause was almost a foregone conclusion, provided only a decent play were made. The first dramatization of "Beside the Bonnie Brierbush" was made some three years ago by the late T. W. Hall and James McArthur. That version was a failure. A practical playwright was then called, in the person of Augustus Thomas. His assistance has resulted in the piece now profitably playing.

"The Red Kloof," by Paul M. Potter, is the third play that prospers mainly on account of the performance of Louis Mann. The play is the output of an author long used to the craft, and it shows signs of his deft constructive power. But it is wholly deficient in inspiration. Mr. Potter has



Sarony photo

David Warfield.

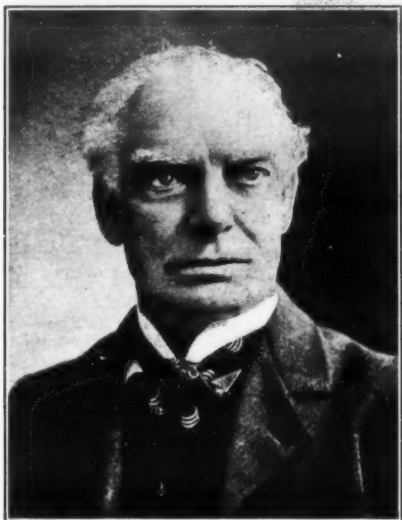
Who has made such a remarkable hit in his first season as a star in "The Auctioneer."



Pach photo.

selected the scene of the Boer war for his locale, and the character designed for Mr. Mann is that of an old Boer farmer, who has a beautiful daughter, impersonated by Clara Lipman. Miss Lipman's part hardly gave occasion for her to do more than be tender and pretty; but Mr. Mann has received most favorable comments for his character study of *Piet Prinsloo*. Miss Lipman and Mr. Mann get farther and farther away from musical farce from season to season. They are well launched into the legitimate now, and it is to be hoped that they will find plays suitable

James T. Powers.
AS THE MESSENGER
BOY.



Hall photo.

J. H. Stoddart.

LACHLAN CAMPBELL, in "The Bonnie Brierbush."

ble to their gifts. It is not regrettable that Mr. Mann should wean himself from musical farce. He had a misconception of the standards of it from the start. He was always gross, even when seemingly most funny; and it was a knack of his always to introduce a touch that verged on the disgusting. Performances of Mr. Mann in general recall an enlightening remark recently made by Joseph Jefferson to John D. Barry, the dramatic critic. Mr. Jefferson was speaking of the ever-present taste that must govern the comedian and his work. In illustration of his point he added:

Reuben Fax.
AS POSTY, in "The Bonnie
Brierbush."



Chickering photo.

"Now, in 'Rip Van Winkle' at the moment I wake up, if to add to the signs of drowsiness after the long sleep, I were to scratch my head, the people might laugh, but they wouldn't come again to see the play."

Pinero's new play, "Iris," has been produced in London, and has awakened the attention of all theatregoers and of all critics. There is a unanimity of admiration for the creative and constructive power that the comedy reveals; but there is some reservation as to whether "Iris" will be popular.

Mr. A. B. Walkley, one of the most authoritative of London critics, makes a valuable comparison between "Iris" and others of Pinero's serious dramas.

"There is a scene—not strictly accurate, but permissible, perhaps, by



Rockwood photo.

The Rogers Brothers "In Washington."



Morrison photo.

William Courtleigh.

As JOHN RIDD, in "Lorna Doone."

'extension'—in which Mr. Pinero's new five-act drama *Iris*, together with *Mrs. Tanqueray*, and *Mrs. Ebbsmith* and *The Benefit of the Doubt*, may be said to form a tetralogy. These four plays are bound together, not by any continuity of story, but by identity of theme. Each portrays an erring woman and her fate. The woman's fate is, of course, the *dénouement* of the play; and it has always seemed to us hitherto that in his *dénouements* was to be found Mr. Pinero's weak point. They were apt to be arbitrary or to shirk logical results. Paula Tanqueray committed suicide, and sudden death is a cheap plot solution; not as cheap, however, as the 'whitewashing' of Agnes Ebbsmith and Theophila Fraser by the aid, spiritual or social, of the Anglican Church. In *Iris*, and, in our judgment, for the first time, Mr. Pinero does not shrink from a real *dénouement*. And it must have cost him much to nerve himself to it, for the *dénouement* of *Iris* overwhelms the spectator with horror. There is hardly room for pity. Indeed, there are no tears throughout the piece, save the *lacryma rerum*. Further, although the *dénouement* is felt to be exactly right, the spectator does not foresee it. At no step in the play does one foresee the next step, and yet, so soon as anything has happened one feels that it must have happened, and just in that way."



Miner photo.

Sarah McNeel.
In "The Messenger Boy."



Puch photo.

Julia Gifford.

A new prima donna in vaudeville.



Dupont photo.

Joseph Sheehan.

As LOHENGRIN, Castle Square Opera Company.



Ferguson photo.

Charles Arthur.

Juvenile in the Company of John B. Mason.



Marceau photo.

Kathryn Kidder.

Starring in "Molly Pitcher."

AN EDITORIAL

THE operation of minds that combine to produce a worthily successful magazine may be likened to the processes in the mind of a great novelist. A thousand men may write novels, divide them into chapters, stuff the chapters with startling episodes or with curious characters, and have each an ending that, whether sad or joyful, is unexpected. Fifty such writers may be gifted with unusual ingenuity of ideas. One of the thousand writes a novel that in minor detail is excelled by many of the others; but the novel of the one is rich with an individuality of subject and of treatment that makes it desired and read above all the nine hundred and ninety-nine.

Parallel to the formal constituents of a novel may be set the formal constituents of a magazine: Fiction Stories; Special Articles on Things of the Day; Poems; the whole illustrated with photographs and drawings. The difference between magazines is in the individuality of subject and treatment. On the quality of this individuality depends the life of the magazine, and it is to the possession of distinct individuality that must be attributed the steadily growing success of AINSLEE'S.

From coast to coast of the continent, from the zone of the Great Lakes to the shores of the Gulf, the unsought newspaper commendation of AINSLEE'S has been constant and emphatic. The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says that AINSLEE'S "is above the common level of the cheap magazines of to-day." The New Orleans *Picayune*, that "AINSLEE'S is a very readable volume." The Indianapolis *Journal*, that "AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE is always full of original and entertaining matter." The Scranton *Tribune*, that "AINSLEE'S can always be relied upon to contain one or more well-written articles telling just what you are anxious to know."

... Add to this quality the fact that AINSLEE'S prints no fiction that isn't brimful of human interest, and you have the explanation of its rapidly increasing popularity." The Detroit *Free Press*, that "AINSLEE'S is well toward the top of the ten cent magazines." The Minneapolis *Journal*, that "AINSLEE'S has half a dozen capital short stories." The Salem, Oregon, *Daily Journal*, that "AINSLEE'S has reached the point of the unique in magazine art." The World, Vancouver, B. C., "AINSLEE'S occupies an enviable position in the front rank of Ameri-

can magazines." The Salt Lake *Tribune*, "AINSLEE'S has a striking lot of short stories, and is always a welcome monthly." Finally, The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "For a notable example of energy and progress in the field of periodical literature one need go no farther than AINSLEE'S. . . . Short stories, bright and amusing, well-turned rhymes and abundant illustrations, make up a number which for originality, entertainment and variety, is unsurpassed by any other dollar magazine."

In reference to the article, "The Wonders of Christian Science," which was published in the August number of AINSLEE'S, we have been asked by the Christian Science Publication Committee to print the following:

"Mr. Alfred Farlow has not been selected by Mrs. Eddy to be her successor. Mrs. Eddy has publicly disclaimed any such intention and her denial has appeared in many newspapers throughout the country."

"The mother of Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson is in excellent health. She may be seen in church every Sunday, and frequently on Wednesday evenings also, enjoying excellent health for a lady of her advanced years."

"Mrs. Eddy's first marriage was to Colonel Glover, of North Carolina; her second was to Dr. Patterson, of Lynn, Mass., and her last to Dr. Eddy, of Lynn, Mass."

"The girl whose diseased foot was photographed was not under Christian Science treatment. The person who circulated this report has acknowledged that he was mistaken, and that Christian Science had no connection with this case whatever."

We have written to William A. Purring-ton, author of "Christian Science, an Exposition of Mrs. Eddy's Wonderful Discovery, Including Its Legal Aspects," which volume was the authority for the statement in AINSLEE'S. In reply to our inquiry, Mr. Purring-ton says on this point:

"As to the statement to which you refer, it is absolutely untrue that I have ever retracted a syllable of what I have said. The frontispiece of my book, containing certain collected articles, is a photograph of a gangrenous foot. By error of proof-reading the reference under the photograph is to page 113 instead of page 106. Upon page 106, I say of the case illustrated: 'The defendant in that case however, was not an Eddyite but some other species of divine or mental healer, and moreover, had administered material remedies, upon which fact a conviction was procured.' That defendant professed to believe in Christian Science among other erratic beliefs, but also pretended to have a little system of her own."

It will be seen from this that our contributor made a mistake in describing the child with the gangrenous foot as a Christian Science patient.